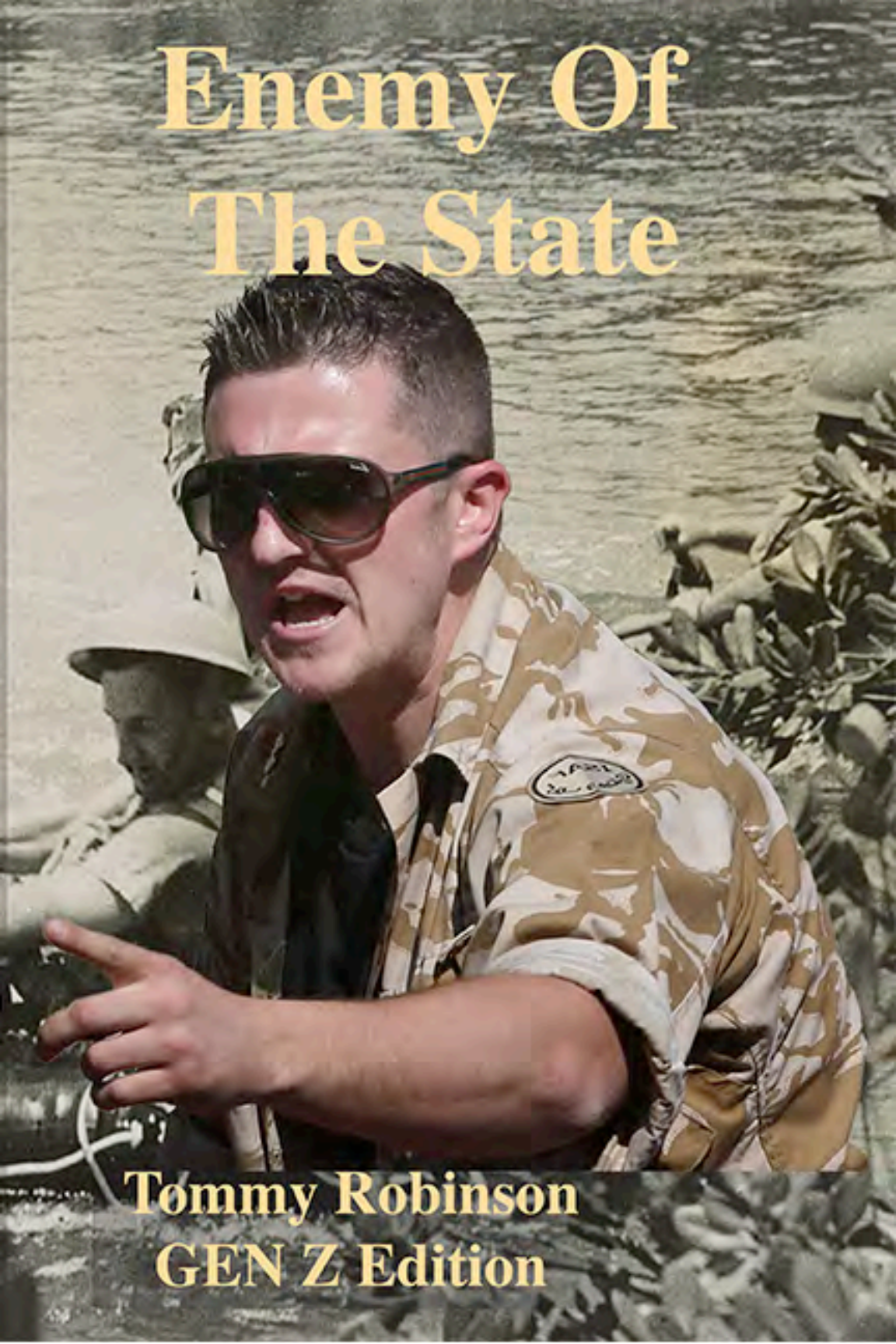
Enemy Of The State



Tommy Robinson

GEN Z Edition

ENEMY OF THE STATE

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GEN Z VERSION

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INTRODUCTION

Man, I was so ready to yell "W's for Tommy Robinson!" on the morning of July 23, 2015. Whether you call me Tommy Robinson, Stephen Lennon, or even the dusty old name Stephen Yaxley, I really don't care. This was supposed to be a major dub—the founder of the English Defence League, officially clocking out.

The last six years? Straight-up chaos. Fights in the streets, cops all up in my business, worrying about my fam's safety, and even Scotland Yard trying to make me a snitch. I had some solid laughs with the lads, sure, but also way too much time stuck in solitary, staring at four walls. Six years of my life getting absolutely wrecked by the government—just for being a British patriot and trying to wake people up about radical Islam.

So by July 23rd, I thought I'd finally be free. Free to take my family on vacation, say what I wanted without getting jumped by the cops, and just live like a normal dude in the UK. My 18-month prison sentence (yeah, for lending my bro-in-law some cash for a house—L take) was supposed to expire on July 22nd. I was READY to tell Luton Probation Service, Scotland Yard, and the whole British police force to kiss my ass.

Except… plot twist: I wasn't free.

No one heard me shouting anything 'cause I was thrown back into solitary at HMP Peterborough for no reason just days before my release. Literally, what was the reason?! Some salty official clearly just wanted to milk the last bit of misery out of me before they had to let me go. Petty AF.

Even the prison guards were like, "Wait, what?** Who TF gets sent back to prison when they've only got a week left?" Actual nonsense. And the reason I got put into solitary? They tossed me in a normal wing, even though I told them not to. And guess what? A Muslim murderer two cells away put a bounty on my head. Word got around that a Somali prisoner took the deal and was gonna boil me alive with hot water. Not gonna lie, that's wild. So obviously, I had to throw hands. After that, boom—straight to solitary. Grim, but safer.

LIVING IN A GLITCHED SIMULATION

So yeah. July 22 came and went. Still locked up. Still no explanation. Another 48 hours pass, and they finally let me out. Why? Probably just so I'd miss my scheduled speech at the House of Lords on the 23rd. They really go out of their way to make my life a mess.

And to all the history nerds who were hyping up 800 years of the Magna Carta this summer—LMAO. Spare me. Y'all can shove your Habeas Corpus where the sun don't shine. The British justice system? Total scam.

I mean, I've literally done more time than some of the Great Train Robbers, and I've been trying to stay out of trouble. If this book pops off, maybe my next project should be a guide to surviving UK prisons.

Anyway, I'm finally OUT. No more probation officers trying to brainwash me. No more police messing with my family just because they can. I'm done with the English Defence League, and most importantly, I can make my own decisions. Not saying I won't screw up again, but let's pray it doesn't involve hearing a prison door slam behind me ever again.

THIS AIN'T A CRY FOR HELP

Look, this isn't some "feel bad for me" sob story. I'm not trying to make you cry over my struggles. Yeah, some of my problems? Self-inflicted. But not all of them. If anything, this book might actually wake you up to the craziness of the British police state that you probably don't even know exists.

Let's keep it 100—my biggest "crime" according to the establishment? Loving my country. That's it. I think St George's Day should be a national holiday. I hate how the UK government protects people who hate Britain, while soldiers who defend it get ignored.

To clear it up—I don't care about someone's skin color or religion. Never have, never will. If that ruins your headcanon, sorry, but that's on you. What I do care about? People trying to destroy my country, my family, or me. I'm not just gonna sit there and take it.

This book? Not just an EDL memoir. This is my life story. And trust me, even I find some of it hard to believe. None of this was planned. I don't regret standing up for what I believe in—but I do regret the hell my family went

through because of it. That's why you won't see their names in here. They've already paid the price for being related to me.

STILL STANDING

Coming home from Peterborough Prison—**two days late, thanks to some BS—**was supposed to mark the end of my sentence. What started as me lending my bro-in-law £20K for a house turned into some fake-ass mortgage fraud case. No one lost any money, but the government saw their chance to silence me and took it.

They've been trying to shut me down since 2009, when a bunch of angry Luton locals (me included) got sick of extremist Muslims getting police protection to scream hate at British soldiers.

They tried everything to take me down. Guess what? I'm still here. Still standing. Still talking.

FINAL THOUGHTS

This is what happens when you mix street fights, corrupt cops, and a whole lot of British politics into one insane story. You might hate me, you might agree with me, or you might just be here for the drama—but one thing's for sure…

They threw everything at me, and I'm STILL standing.

CHAPTER 1: TOO MUCH FREE TIME

So, when you get outta prison early, they slap you with a bunch of rules. You can't go certain places, can't talk to certain people, and they'll stalk your socials like a toxic ex. Some people even get ankle monitors or curfews—basically, the government saying, "We're still watching you, buddy."

For me, even though I'd dipped out of the English Defence League (EDL) over a year before, one of my "conditions" was that I couldn't talk to anyone from the EDL. Not in person, not online, not even by accident. Wild, right? I went to jail for helping out a family member, but now that I was back home with my wife and kids, people still wouldn't leave me alone. Death threats kept rolling in like spam emails—"We hate Tommy Robinson," "Off with his

head"—all that fun stuff. And guess what? I wasn't even allowed to respond.

So yeah, I had a lot of free time. And I'm not the "sit around and do nothing" type. I started doomscrolling Twitter, ranting about whatever pissed me off, and watching YouTube videos non-stop. I'd hit the gym, drive the kids around, repeat. But you can only lift so much and play taxi driver for so long before you start losing your mind.

If you're obsessed with the whole "radical Islam is taking over" thing, there's never a dull moment in the news. Around this time, the Paris attacks on November 13th had just gone down, and the world was freaking out. Clearly, whatever plans were in place to stop extremists weren't working—shocker.

Also, my laptop? Gone. The police straight-up yoinked it. So I was stuck using my phone for everything—emails, socials, the whole deal. Honestly, at this point, the authorities were out to ruin my life. They'd already shut down my businesses, frozen my bank accounts, taken my stuff, and made up charges just to lock me up. Like, what's next?

Low-key, I was convinced that if I ever got another computer, they'd just plant fake evidence on it to throw me back in jail. And before you say, "Dude, that's paranoia," let's be real—just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not actually after you.

So yeah, I started planning my comeback for when I was finally free, but the world was still a dumpster fire. Everything that made the EDL a thing in the first place was still happening, maybe worse. And I couldn't help but feel a little told-you-so about it. We'd been calling this stuff out—okay, maybe not in the most chill way—since 2009. But no one wanted to hear it. So what's it gonna take for people to wake up? The Queen getting assassinated? The Prime Minister?

Meanwhile, British Muslims were out here acting like they were oppressed refugees in Nazi Germany—except instead of running from danger, they were running to ISIS. And honestly? Let them. If they wanna trade in democracy for some medieval nightmare, by all means, go off. But what does our government do? Instead of letting them dip, they stop them. Or worse, they bring them back. Like, why? If they hate Britain so much, let them live their best extremist life elsewhere.

And don't even get me started on how they're getting special treatment—sharia courts, "no-go" zones, government handouts. Meanwhile, Britain is out here begging for their approval like a clingy ex.

And then there was the Charlie Hebdo attack in Paris, which should've been the final wake-up call. France doesn't even play around with this stuff—they're way stricter on radical Islam than we are. But then BAM, the November 13th attacks hit, and suddenly, Charlie Hebdo was old news. At least France had the guts to ban the niqab. Our politicians? Too scared to even try.

Terror attacks like these could've easily happened in Dewsbury back in 2012. Actually, they almost did. A squad of wannabe terrorists planned to attack an EDL rally—one I didn't even show up to. Plot twist: I later ran into some of them in prison. Let's just say, I got the last laugh.

CHAPTER 2: THE STING

Okay, so if this whole situation is giving James Bond vibes, I get it. But trust me, in real life, it felt more like a Mr. Bean blooper reel.

Was I scared? Nah. If I were the type to get scared easy, my life would probably be way more chill. But here I am. I'm like 5'6", so I'm not exactly intimidating. No one's running scared when they see me, but let's just say if people try to mess with me, it usually doesn't end well—for them.

Anyway, this guy Naeem? Bro thought he was some kind of mafia boss. He was laying it on thick. But the moment of truth came when we sat down at this restaurant he owned in the middle of Birmingham.

Mike had dropped a solid £3,500 on spy gear for this meeting. High-key overkill. That Monday, we rolled out, stopping in Wolverhampton to scoop up Steve Eddowes. When we got to his place, the room was basically an EDL reunion—lads I hadn't seen in years.

Some of them were looking at me like, Yo, is he back? Yeah, no. I shut that down real quick. Not up for debate. Still, I had to explain the whole Afzal situation and make it very clear that this convo was top secret. If word got out, I'd be in some deep trouble.

One guy was like, "I thought you quit all this?" and I hit him with, "Nah, just switched up the strategy."

Anyway, back to the mission. Mike had booked some random hotel near Birmingham Airport to get me wired up, but it was way too far from the restaurant, and we were already running late. So I called Afzal with some fake excuse about Eddowes being delayed. Classic move.

Now, let's talk about the gear. We had:

A recording device in my watch. Low-key fire.
Spy glasses with a camera. Cool concept—except I don't wear glasses, so that was a no-go.
A keyring with a hidden mic and camera—looked like a basic USB stick.
A phone case with hidden recording equipment. Techy.
The main camera? Hidden in my jumper. Sounds smart, right? Wrong.

Here's where it all went south. The camera's power pack was the size of a brick and had to be strapped around my waist. So basically, I looked like I was wearing a colostomy bag.

Also, in Asian culture, it's all about hugging when you meet people. That was a problem. If these guys hugged me, they'd 100% feel all the gear strapped to me. On top of that, we were in a rush, so Mike basically mummified me with gaffer tape. My belly got squished so bad, I looked like a darts player after a 12-hour pub crawl.

Luckily, I had a get-out-of-hugs-free card. I'd just been in a car accident (for real), so when we arrived at the restaurant, I played the "whiplash" card and stuck to handshakes. Crisis averted.

Now, sitting down? Whole other issue. The tape shifted, my belly popped out even more, and Naeem took one look at me and went, "Bloody hell, Tommy!" Bro was dying laughing. And honestly? I nearly dipped right then and there.

Then Naeem's brother, Bibi, pulls up. And you just knew this guy was trying to be the family's "hard man." Gold tooth and all. First thing Naeem says?

"You know what my brother said, Tommy? He said, 'Get him shot. He's a wanker.'"

…Okay then.

They were acting like we were in some budget version of Goodfellas, talking about how the building was surrounded by their guys. Eddowes just fired back with, "And you don't think we've got lads watching too?"

Then we got to the actual scam pitch.

Afzal wanted the EDL to call a protest, then cancel it last minute so he could take credit for stopping it. Dude even suggested hosting some 'An Evening with Tommy Robinson' events—like some fake political TED Talk series.

His endgame? Use me and the EDL to boost his clout, then drop us as soon as we weren't useful anymore. Classic.

Then, it got worse.

In the next meeting, this dude had the audacity to openly talk about bribing me—offering me £2,000 straight up, plus £250 per week for EDL members to campaign for him. Man was fully aware this broke election laws. And just to sweeten the deal? He even promised to make my legal problems disappear.

Yeah… nah.

Dude really thought everyone had a price. Like, sir, not all of us are out here playing GTA Story Mode with our lives.

So, instead of taking the deal, I handed the whole thing over to The Mail on Sunday. They exposed him, including his sketchy past writing radical pamphlets.

And just like that—BOOM. His political career got yeeted into oblivion.

For once, I was actually the good guy. And Afzal Amin's big ambitions? Gone. All thanks to a regular lad from Luton.

CHAPTER 3: BACK IN THE DAY

Yo, I popped into this world in November '82 at Luton and Dunstable Hospital—aka the L&D. Got an older bro, just a year and a half ahead of me.

Most of my early memories? All about my mom. She was with my bio dad, Malcolm Yaxley, but they split not long after I was born. At one point, she told me we had to crash at a women's shelter, just the three of us. I remember Malcolm later on, but we never called him "Dad." He was just Malcolm—pulling up for birthdays, Christmas, and the occasional random visit. Super awkward.

But then Tommy Lennon pulled up when I was two, and from that moment, he was Dad. Malcolm? Just some dude who showed up with gifts once or twice a year. He flexed hard with his sports cars, pulling up to school events like he was some VIP. But lowkey, dude was toxic. Heard plenty of stories about how cruel he was. He eventually dipped for good when I was around 11, and a while back, I found out he passed. Oh well.

Flash forward to the early days of the EDL—I was keeping a low profile, but The Times went full FBI mode on me. Some journalist, Stephen Bird, tracked me down at The Parrot pub in Farley Hill and dropped some random bombshell: Malcolm was living in Bulgaria. News to me. I was like, "Yo, put his name in the article—Malcolm Yaxley. Let's see if it stirs the pot." Thought it'd be funny if people hit him up like, "Bro, what's your son doing?"

When I became a dad myself, I ditched the Yaxley name. My mom told me Malcolm had passed, but IDK how she found out. Looked him up a couple times, but honestly? Zero feelings. If I ever ran into him, I probably would've given him an earful. DNA doesn't make a dad—Tommy Lennon does.

Now, my mom, Rita Carroll, is full-on Irish. Grew up in a huge Irish Catholic fam, one of eight kids. She's tiny, which probs explains why I stopped growing at 14—capping at 5'6" with main character energy. She and Tommy grinded hard for us. Tommy was a specialist pipefitter, always on the road, so Mom was the real MVP, running the house while also being a childminder and foster carer.

We lived in Stopsley on Layham Drive, and I went to Wigmore Junior School. First clear memory? Almost respawning from a major asthma attack when I

was two. A neighbor literally jumped the fence and brought me back. I swear I remember the ambulance ride, but my fam calls cap. Either way, asthma had me in a chokehold as a kid.

Our house? Owned. Mom and Tommy made it work. We were tight with my auntie June and uncle Bill over in Farley Hill. At one point, we even crashed at their place while waiting for our new home to be built. Real fam vibes—cousins always rolling deep.

Childhood was a vibe. We were outside 24/7—building dens, scouring the woods for planks, and DIY'ing treehouses like future engineers. Mom had curfews on lock, but we still found ways to be little menaces. By my early teens, I was obsessed with motorbikes, thanks to this flashy neighbor who had a Lotus, a Ferrari, and a Ducati. My dad finally caved and got us some trials bikes, but we were sneaky. Whenever the parents weren't home? We were out there, zooming through the estate, causing chaos.

I'll never forget when Princess Diana passed. Mom went to watch her funeral, and we took full advantage—ripping around on the bikes like we were in Fast & Furious: Luton Edition. Looking back, Luton was always a mash-up of different people and cultures. At the time, it was just normal life. But later, I realized it was setting the stage for some of the wild stuff I'd experience down the road.

CHAPTER 4: GANGLAND

By the time I hit my mid-teens, I knew the streets were no joke. Gangs ran Bury Park like it was their own personal empire, and honestly, they had a grip on most of Luton too—especially when it came to sketchy business like drugs and prostitution.

Now, let's talk about the name "Gambino." That doesn't exactly scream "Pakistani Kashmir," does it? More like NYC mob bosses and drive-bys. But for real, the so-called Gambinos of Luton were out here running the game, leading the Pakistani gangs that took over the town in the '90s.

The Reds (Raja crew), Yellows (Choudhary & Jat fams), plus the Khwajas, Khans, and Ghaffours—they all fought for control like it was some real-life GTA storyline. We're talking drugs, fraud, robbery, money laundering,

protection rackets—you name it, they were on it.

Apparently, these Muslim gangs originally popped up to fight off football hooligans, since Luton Town's Kenilworth Road stadium was right in their hood. Luton's football scene had its own wild boys—like the Bolts and the MIGs (Men in Gear). My own fam had some big names in the MIGs, so as I got older and got into football, I ended up right in the chaos too.

Who started it first—the football mobs or the Muslim gangs? No clue. But one thing was clear: safety in numbers was the move. Fast-forward a few years, and these Muslim crews weren't just scrapping over turf anymore—they went full-on cartel mode, running massive drug deals, protection rackets, and even prostitution rings. Basically, Luton became a knockoff version of the New York Mafia.

Oh, and by the way—I ain't calling these crews "Asian." That's some politically correct nonsense. I'm not talking about Chinese, Japanese, or Koreans. These guys were from Pakistan and Bangladesh and saw themselves as Muslim first. So why is it such a touchy subject to just call them what they are?

Luton's Muslim community mostly came from Pakistan, especially Kashmir. Tribe loyalty was everything. And let's be real—that mindset totally shaped how the gangs operated.

RUNLEY ROAD BOYS VS. SAINTS BOYS: A REAL-LIFE GANG WAR

So years later, two rival gangs—Runley Road Boys and the Saints Boys—who used to go to Challney Boys' School together got caught up in some next-level beef. It escalated so badly that one night, they went at it armed to the teeth—we're talking cricket bats, baseball bats, a machete, and even a samurai sword.

Wajid Khan, the supposed leader of the Saints, was rolling through Luton with his squad, all strapped with weapons, ready to throw hands. They ran into the Runley Road Boys, and boom—it popped off. Wajid's crew bailed, leaving him behind, and the Runley Boys beat him down—30 to 40 hits, brutal as hell. He died from massive brain injuries.

Now, guess how long the Runley boys got for literally killing someone in the street with bats? Life? 10 years? Nah, fam. The longest sentence was five

years. One dude got just three. To put that into perspective, I got almost the same sentence for helping my wife's brother with a house deposit. Make it make sense.

MARK SHARP'S MURDER: A STRAIGHT-UP INJUSTICE

Another messed-up case in Luton was the murder of Mark Sharp. This was peak road rage gone deadly. In 1995, Mark—a 37-year-old dad—was heading to a takeaway when some guys cut him off in traffic. He wasn't having it, so he flipped them off—y'know, standard stuff.

But these guys? They were not about to let it slide. Even though Mark was alone with his young son and they were four deep in the car, they called for backup. Then, on High Town Road, they jumped him—armed with metal bars and a snooker cue. They beat him senseless, dropped him to his knees, then one of them stabbed him in the head. Even after he was down, they kept stomping him out.

Mark survived for three days but didn't make it.

Now, two of them got life sentences for murder. But get this—three others got off easy, with just four years for manslaughter because the judge told the jury that if Mark had done or said anything that might make a "reasonable young Asian male" react violently, then it wasn't full murder.

Bruh. Excuse me, what? What does being "Asian" have to do with this? It wasn't about being Asian—it was about being Muslim. Dude literally got jumped and murdered over a road rage incident, but somehow, the judge made it sound like it was understandable?

For a lot of people in Luton, that was the final straw. Non-Muslims started dipping out of the city—Mark's own family left town completely. And honestly? Even now, people are still leaving.

Final Thoughts (No Cap)

This whole chapter just shows how Luton's gang scene went from small-time beef to full-on organized crime. The system? Clearly broken. The justice system let killers walk free while punishing regular people for way less. And in the end, Luton became a place where whole communities felt unsafe enough to just leave.

And that's the realest thing about it. This wasn't just "gang stuff." This was about power, fear, and a system that let it slide.

CHAPTER 5 - RUNNING WILD

I was a bit of a menace growing up in Luton, but somehow, I still managed to bag some decent GCSEs. My biggest flex? Locking down an apprenticeship in aeronautical engineering at Britannia. Before that, I was stacking bread at Asda's bakery—solid six-month grind before I dipped for the apprenticeship.

I started working near home at Luton Airport and hit up Bedford College full-time for the first year. Britannia would bus us over, but honestly, I felt like a total outsider there. One of the guys on the course, Sultan, turns out he was literally a prince—his fam sent him over from the UAE to study. The whole class was full of people who weren't from Luton and def weren't working class. I'd go home and tell my mum, "I got nothing in common with these guys."

I thought I was just a normal lad, but looking back, it's all about perspective. Growing up in Luton, getting into scraps wasn't that deep—it just kinda happened. It's a rough place, and everyone's taken a few hits at some point.

Then suddenly, I was surrounded by people who had totally different vibes. First thing I'd ask them: "Where you from? What's your story?" And the answers were wild. They came from small villages or posh areas, and their whole mindset was different. Not saying they were trying to make me feel like a nobody, but man, I was out of my comfort zone.

Had a few rough moments at college, too. One time, a group of Muslim lads jumped me and jacked my phone—an absolute banger of a Nokia 8210, mind you. Another time, some big dude tried it with me. But I kept my cool—didn't want to lose my job over some dumb drama. That took mad self-control.

That job was huge for me, though. I was still crashing at home with my parents in Stopsley, but after two years, I was like, "Nah, this ain't it." The apprenticeship was four years long, and all my boys were out on building sites making way more money. Meanwhile, I was feeling outta my depth. Still, I stuck with it.

To make extra cash, I started side-hustling for this Irish developer, Dave—top guy, always had my back. Every Friday night, I'd head down to London to do labouring gigs. We did a huge job at Merrill Lynch, working overnight, and I was pulling in £160 per shift—same as what I made in a whole week at Britannia.

Now, about my girl Charlotte McCormack—high school sweetheart, lived near Putteridge High. Her fam was mad nice, even took me on a family trip to Portugal. But before her, when I was like 15 or 16, I spotted this stunning girl walking past my house. Just for the LOLs, I scribbled a note on the back of a photo of me and my mates, then slipped it through the letterbox of the house she went into.

Didn't see her again for years—turns out she was from Bushmead, a whole different area of Luton. Then, one night, I ran into her in town. And yeah, that girl? She's my wife now—the absolute trooper who's put up with all my madness over the years.

First time I tried chatting her up? She shut me down so fast. Only W I took that night was swapping numbers with her. And man, thinking back, I had zero game.

I was obsessed with my cars, and I just know she must have cringed hard the next time she saw me in my little Vauxhall Corsa. But hear me out—it wasn't just any Corsa. This thing was the business. TVs in the headrests, one in the front, two-tone paint that literally changed colour in the sun. The number plate? C13 RSA. I thought I was that guy.

One day, I'm out cruising with my boys, and for some insane reason, we had porn playing on the car's screens. Yeah, I know—random as hell. Next thing I know, I get a text: "You dirty so-and-sos!" It was her—she was behind us and could see everything.

Somehow, despite that total L of a situation, she agreed to go out with me. And well, you know how the story goes. I've put that poor girl through enough to last a lifetime.

At the time, I was staying away from all the football drama, but trust me, in Luton, trouble finds you. You don't have to go looking for it—it's just there.

Even that car got me into trouble.

Since I wasn't much of a drinker, I'd just go out in my car. One night, I was at Space Nightclub in town. When I stepped outside, this big group of Pakistani lads started shouting at me, "Corsa boy, Corsa boy!" Their leader? Some well-known guy called Chopper.

That night, I was with my boys—Brucie, Nelson, and Scott (aka Shit Hair—don't ask). We were just chilling, minding our business, but the Pakistani lads weren't having it. They started shouting:

"Corsa Boy, white and Black don't mix, so f* off."**

I was like, "You what?" and they doubled down:

"Go on, f* off, white boy."**

Next thing you know, it all kicked off. Me and Scott ended up legging it down the road with the whole gang chasing us. We barely made it into Scott's car before they smashed all the windows. But the worst part? These guys weren't letting it go. They were out for blood.

At first, I tried to squash the beef. I called them up like, "Look, I don't want any trouble." But that went nowhere. For months, they were after me. It was my cousin who finally set me straight:

"You can't be weak around here. Not in this town."

So, I flipped the script. I rang up Chopper and told him straight:

"I don't care how many of you come for me. I know where you live. If this carries on, I'll come for you. Even if your mates get me first, just know—it's on your head."

After that, they started jumping out of cars, swinging baseball bats, stopping my mates like:

"Where's Yaxley? Where's Yaxley?"

I had to make a choice, one I've pretty much stuck to ever since. It's cost

me—hospital beds, prison cells, stitches, broken bones, broken teeth—but never my pride. Never my spirit.

And guess what? A day later, Chopper called me up:

"Aw bruv, let's leave it."

And just like that, it was over. Six months of hell—done.

That's the thing with bullies. You let them walk over you once, and it never stops. But if they know you won't back down? Different story.

It was the same when the EDL started. I knew if I ran once, I'd be running every week. People will test you, but once they know you're not scared, their whole vibe changes.

Tbh, I think the whole country could learn from that. Yeah, I've taken some nasty beatings, but I never broke.

LIFE SWITCH-UP

By the end of my apprenticeship, I got a six-month contract at Manchester Airport, working night and day shifts—four on, four off. I stayed in a guesthouse in Wilmslow, Cheshire. It was a whole different world from what I knew. Some weekends, the lads would come up, and we'd hit Manchester hard. First time I'd properly been away from home.

Other times, I'd leave work early, shoot back to Luton, then head to London to work for Dave and stack some extra cash.

Then, work dried up. 9/11 had just happened, and the aerospace industry was on its knees. Of the six of us in that apprenticeship? Not one got a full-time job. It probably mattered more to them than me, though—because my life was about to take a massive left turn.

I'd never been in trouble before, but I was about to get sent to jail. My first offence. Changed everything.

At the time, my girlfriend and I were solid. We'd been together three years.

She worked at a bank in St Albans. Things were going great. One night, for her birthday, about 12 of us rented a limo and drove to Milton Keynes. We had a blast.

When I ended up in jail, I had a photo from that night on my cell wall. That picture probably saved me a lot of trouble.

That night, we got back to Luton around 2 or 3 AM, walking home. We were arguing—nothing serious, just a bit of a domestic. I was drunk, raising my voice.

Then, out of nowhere, this random guy appears. Shorts, t-shirt, jumps right in.

Look—I've never hit my wife. Never would. But yeah, I was pissed, loud, and probably looking aggressive.

So this random geezer rolls up telling me to take a different way home, saying he'd walk her back to her mum's. I was like, "Bruh, stay out of it." I go to follow her, and next thing I know, dude full-on tackles me. Like, completely unprovoked. He even admitted it in court—he came at me first.

Now I've got a busted head, ripped jeans, and zero patience. So I get up, fight back, and win. But then, when he hits the ground, I kick him. I was drunk, wasn't thinking, but it didn't even do real damage. He gets up—not even hurt—and suddenly goes, "You're done, mate. I'm a cop."

An hour later, police storm my place like it's an episode of SWAT, dragging me out of bed. Apparently, I just scrapped with an armed response officer, and instead of handling it normally, he just called up his boys. Love that for me. But none of that mattered in court, 'cause of that one kick.

So now I'm waiting nine months for trial, working some random job selling car trackers, and taking a trip to Jamaica (as you do). Then boom—court day. Charges? Resisting arrest & assaulting a cop. I pled not guilty 'cause, let's be real, he never told me he was a cop until after I fought back. Also, their so-called "independent witness"? Literally his neighbor.

Bro, it was my first offense ever. I thought I'd get community service, maybe a fine at worst. But nah, judge hits me with 12 months in prison. I was

stunned. My mum was there, my mate Sappy was there, and just like that, I was getting dragged downstairs.

PRISON? ABSOLUTE CHAOS.

First day in, some dude walks up like, "You Yaxley? Aight, bet." And I just know I'm done for. Later, a group of Lewsey Farm guys try to drag me into a cell—one of them even had sharpened hair clippers. Sir, what??

Luckily, I got saved by a guy from Hitchin. He saw a picture in my cell with my mate Les—who runs doors at clubs—and was like, "Wait, you know Les?" Next thing I know, he tells the others to back off. Literal plot armor.

I won't lie, once things settled down, I handled prison fine. I mean, it was rough, but I adapted. If anything, it just made me stop being scared of jail. And that? That was the real problem.
Coming out? I was PISSED.

Tried to appeal 'cause my address got randomly tied to a drug raid (which had NOTHING to do with me), but nope, I lost. Felt like the system threw me in the bin.

The hatred? It was real. A couple years later, I'm running a tanning shop, cop car drives past, and I just shout "WANKERS." Officer pulls up like, "What did you say?" So I tell him. Straight up. But to be fair, he was actually cool and said "Not all cops are like that." Respect.

Back in '05 though? I was done with authority. Came out of jail with no job, no career, and fully embedded in Luton's chaos. Didn't care about consequences. Didn't fear jail anymore. And that? That led to some of the dumbest choices of my life.

CHAPTER 6: 9/11, THE DAY EVERYTHING CHANGED

So, the dude who walked out of Bedford prison in 2005? Yeah, let's just say he had some serious beef with the world. But, tbh, the world itself was changing at warp speed.

People were mad as hell—like, next-level rage mode, especially against the West, mainly the US and UK. After that insane morning on September 11, 2001, everything flipped. And no, I'm not being dramatic—it literally shifted

reality.

Since I worked in the airline industry at the time, I saw the instant chaos. Everyone remembers exactly where they were that morning. The news, the footage—it was unreal. That attack opened my eyes to stuff happening in my own backyard in Luton, stuff I never really clocked before.

Even now, I still can't wrap my head around how someone could go full psycho like that. I mean, can you imagine? Those poor people on those planes, knowing what was coming? The ones in the Twin Towers having to choose between burning alive or jumping? That's some nightmare fuel right there.

Fast forward to 2002, the first 9/11 anniversary, and some radical group straight-up held a conference in London glorifying the hijackers. Then, in Luton, posters started popping up, praising the so-called "martyrs."

Bruh.

People were pissed. But here's the kicker—the posters weren't in their own mosques or community hubs. Nope. They put them right in our faces—on bus stops, lamp posts, all around non-Muslim areas. Pure provocation. Basically, they were flexing like, "We can do whatever we want, and y'all can't stop us."

And the worst part? They were right.

Nobody did a damn thing. The cops? Silent. The council? Crickets. It was like we were giving them a green light to carry on. And that felt like the biggest slap in the face.

Every Saturday, outside the Arndale Centre, some bearded extremists would roll up and start preaching about destroying the UK. And guess what the authorities did? Nothing.

Actually, that's a lie. They did do something—they let them keep recruiting young people, both Muslims and non-Muslims, to their cause. And trust me, you'd be shocked at how easy it is to radicalize people. I saw it firsthand—entire groups of people falling for the hype.

For every hardcore radical that ended up in jail, at least a dozen more recruits popped up. And the government? Zero response.

At this point, these guys were openly celebrating 9/11, right in our town, week after week. And nobody stopped them. The tension was off the charts.

WHEN THINGS GOT REAL IN LUTON

Word spread that some Muslim students at Luton 6th Form College were celebrating the attacks. People were on edge, and soon enough, the local football hooligans started talking about retaliation. A meeting happened in a pub in Dunstable—old-school MIGs decided, "Enough is enough."

And then? The police actually went and warned the Muslim community about possible revenge attacks.

Fast forward, a young black guy gets jumped by a group of Muslim lads, and tensions explode. There was talk of a showdown at a Luton Town home game against Rochdale. But when the day came, it wasn't just football hooligans looking for trouble—all the radicals came out too.

And the cops? Full-on riot mode.

I wasn't part of the actual fights, but you couldn't be in Luton and not feel it. Things were getting out of control.

ENTER: SAYFUL ISLAM – THE WORST KIND OF GUY

Around this time, I first heard of some wannabe warlord called Sayful Islam—which literally means "Sword of Islam". Seriously? What kind of villain name is that?

Me and him? We clashed a few times over the years.

Right after the Beslan school massacre in 2004 (where terrorists murdered kids in cold blood), Sayful and his crew were chilling in a chicken shop in Luton, literally saying they couldn't wait for the UK to have its own 9/11.

Did they get arrested? Lol, don't be stupid.

Their group, Al Muhajiroun, was still legal back then. Led by Omar Bakri

Mohammed, alongside Anjem Choudary, and guess who ran the Luton division? Our guy Sayful.

These dudes were hardcore bin Laden fanboys. And they weren't even hiding it.

Sayful (real name Ishtiaq Alamgir) proudly admitted to being behind the "Magnificent 19" posters. He bragged about growing the local recruitment pool from 5 to 50 potential terrorists, with hundreds more backing them.

And get this—he wasn't some foreign-born extremist. Nah, he was born and raised in Luton, came from a middle-class family, and even worked as an accountant for the Inland Revenue. Then he got radicalized, quit his job, and flexed about living off benefits while plotting against the country.

His own words:

"When I saw those planes hit the Twin Towers, I felt elated."

"That action split the world into two camps: You're either with Islam and Al-Qaeda or with the enemy."

"I am a Muslim living in Britain, but my only allegiance is to Allah."

He flat-out said that terrorist attacks in the UK were justified. That even if his own kids died, he'd be fine with it.

And what did Britain do? Let him run his extremist club right in the middle of Luton.

At this point, I was done watching this unfold. I had to do something.

THE WAKE-UP CALL

Seeing those posters, watching these radicals take over public spaces, and seeing them laugh in our faces while the authorities did nothing? That was my breaking point.

And after the Beslan massacre, where kids were murdered execution-style, I knew something was seriously broken.

Meanwhile, people kept acting like none of this was real—like it was just a phase. But I knew better.

Then one day, I'm filming a documentary, driving through Luton, and guess who spots me? Sayful Islam.

He walks up, starts talking trash, and then—on camera—straight-up smacks me in the face.

And the police? Did. Absolutely. Nothing.

FINAL THOUGHTS

The more I dug, the more messed up everything looked. These guys weren't even hiding their plans. The grooming gangs, the radicalization, the zero accountability—it was all right in front of us.

And yet? The government kept throwing money at these "moderate" Muslim groups, who turned out to be part of the same problem.

It was time for someone to call this out.

CHAPTER 7 – THE BNP: HELLO, GOODBYE.

So, football was life. My weekends were all about Friday night with the lads, then the big game on Saturday—beers, chants, and, let's be real, the occasional scrap. Yeah, I guess you could say I was a football hooligan. But it was more than that. I had a solid crew, guys who had my back, and we were tight. Like Little Danny—proper tough guy, ginger, but no one dared clown on his hair. Dude could box.

But while I was out there living my best life, things in Luton were changing. I started clocking stuff—hearing about Beslan, noticing people like Sayful Islam, seeing gangs running the streets, and yeah, it all seemed to trace back to one thing: the Muslim community. But whenever I said that out loud, I got the same old speech—"It's just a few bad apples! The majority are peaceful!"

Really? Where? 'Cause I wasn't seeing it then, and I'm definitely not seeing it now. Like, if the majority of Muslims hated extremists so much, why weren't they doing anything? Where were the big community movements shutting

this down? Instead, it was always just a handful of token "moderates" doing the bare minimum while still cashing in on the government handouts.

And let's talk about Islam for a sec. It's not just a religion—it's the whole package: law, politics, culture, everything, all wrapped up in a 7th-century mindset. Progress? Nah. Not happening. And why would it, when the British government is practically on its knees, desperate to please? Free money, special rules, constant victim narrative. Minority? Not in Luton. And definitely not acting like one.

Look, I'm not saying life is easy for anyone, but let's be honest—so many of the problems in these communities come from their own choices. No one's forcing first cousins to marry and pass on genetic issues. No one's making them live in closed-off bubbles. And yet, the second anyone even mentions these issues, the government panics, scared of the R-word: racist.

Meanwhile, I kept seeing the same pattern—police, councils, politicians bending over backwards to keep the peace, even when it was clear that peace was long gone. It wasn't jealousy I felt, it was resentment. Money, favors, protection—all thrown at people who didn't even respect this country.

And yeah, I'm sure there are some Muslim groups out there actually trying to bridge the gap, but I never saw them. No one in Luton did.

And don't even get me started on ISIS. The surrounding Arab countries have armies strong enough to wipe them out overnight, but do they? Nah. 'Cause it suits them to let the chaos play out while we in the West are here debating whether drone strikes are "morally ethical."

DIPPING A TOE INTO THE BNP

So, at football, one of the older lads brings up the BNP. Back then, I was just trying to figure out what the hell was going on, and honestly? They were the only ones talking about this stuff. So I got in touch with their local guy, and next thing I know, I'm at a BNP meeting in a pub called the King Harry, up in Stopsley.

I listened, read the flyers, and yeah, at first, it sounded like common sense. So, I signed up—£60 family membership. No big deal. Next time, I brought my football mates along. That's when it all went sideways.

We roll up, ready to hear what they've got to say, and the BNP guy stops us at the door. Says my black mates—Isaac, Little Craigy, and Webster—couldn't come in.

Wait, what? I thought we were here to talk about a real problem, not skin color. That was it for me. Meeting over. We shut it down right there. In fact, some leftist magazine even wrote about it—"The day the Luton MIGs clashed with the BNP."

I told them straight: You think you're coming into our pub, in our town, and telling us who's welcome? Nah, mate. Not happening.

After that? BNP was dead to us. Anytime they tried to come around, we told them to do one. And when the United People of Luton and later the English Defence League (EDL) kicked off, it was clear—BNP wasn't invited.

Yeah, I joined for a year, but if you check that hacked BNP membership list, you'll see I never renewed. It was a brief fling, nothing more.

And if you think I was naïve for not realizing they were racist from the jump—fair. Back then, I didn't even know who Nick Griffin was. I had no clue about their National Front past. I was just a young guy trying to make sense of things.

After that? BNP pretty much vanished from Luton. Haven't seen them run a candidate since. And if they ever did try to recruit lads like us, it flopped hard.

MAKING NOISE IN THE STREETS

We still had ways to make a point, though. Not all of them went as planned.

Take St. George's Day 2004. We had about 200-300 of us out in Luton, just vibing—beers, sunshine, kicking a football around. Classic day.

And then we pulled out a black flag that said "Al Muhajiroun" on it and torched it. Everyone cheered. We thought it was a joke. One of the lads, Mad Keith, even got jailed for it—inciting violence or race hate or whatever BS they threw at him.

Fast forward a bit—I land in jail in 2005, and who do I see walking out just as I'm going in? Keith. Dude looks at me and goes, "Bruv, remember that flag? Yeah, I went down for that."

My bad, Keith.

Later that year, Luton was playing Peterborough, and normally, that would've meant a scrap. But I hit up their lads and told them straight—we weren't looking for a fight. We had bigger problems.

White and black people were both getting jumped by Muslim gangs. Our girls were getting groomed and trafficked. Heroin was being sold like sweets. I made a leaflet about all of it, basically calling out the police for doing nothing.

We even tried to make it clear—this wasn't about all Muslims. We weren't here to start a riot. But the local paper only printed half the leaflet—took out anything about grooming gangs and drugs. Typical.

On the day, the Peterborough fans tried to march with us, but the police shut it down, claiming they were hooligans looking for a fight. Nah. This was probably the first time rival football firms actually united.

I read the leaflet out in public. Named names—gangs, preachers, all of them. After that, my phone blew up. Word got out who was behind it, and suddenly, the Pakistani lads wanted me gone.

I just thought, let them come. I'm not running anymore.

CHAPTER 8: THE MISSING YEARS

So, if there was ever a kinda chill period in my life—not really, but sorta—it was probably right after I got out of jail in 2005. I was just tryna figure things out. Luckily, I had my football crew. In a town like Luton, you needed to belong somewhere, and those guys? They were my people. That was the only place I actually felt safe. Or at least, like I belonged.

Then there was my fiancée. We've been through a lot, but even back then, we were the real deal (btw, if you hadn't noticed, I'm not exactly the romantic

type). She's stuck with me through some serious ups and downs. Actually, probs more downs than ups, if we're being honest.

So yeah, I get out of Bedford nick, got slapped with three months on a tag, and suddenly had nothing to do. First time that had happened (not the last though). I hit up my Irish mate, Dave—aka Little Legs (I can call him that 'cause I'm basically the same height) and told him, Bruh, I need a job. Minor Planet had obviously ghosted me, and that whole aeronautical engineering dream? Dead and buried.

Dave came through for me though. Got me doing random laboring jobs, all over the place. One time, I had to haul 1,000 sheets of plasterboard across Stevenage town center. Straight-up back-breaking work. Did some window fitting in London, hustled here and there.

And on the side? I started buying and selling. Y'know, finding extra stock from one guy, flipping it to another who was looking for a deal. Classic Del Boy vibes. If there was a way to make a quick buck, I was on it. Had the big gold chain, thought I was some kinda top geezer. And yeah, before you ask—I had the gold medallion too. Oh, and a fat ring with 'Yax' on it. Absolute cringe.

Fast forward a few years, wedding day rolls around. My mates? Yeah, they had a field day roasting me. I mean, I'm 5'6"—not exactly towering over people—but considering my mum's only 4'8" and wears kids' shoes, I'm practically Shaq in my family.

My brother was my best man, right? So mid-speech, I hear these weird noises from behind the curtain. Suddenly, a tiny dude in a matching suit walks out, holding a bottle of blue WKD (which I used to drink, obviously). He's like, "I hate the world, I hate the world," then opens his jacket and pulls out perfume and Ray-Bans (because, duh, I used to sell them). The whole place is losing it. And honestly? So was I. Legendary moment.

BUSINESS HUSTLES & POLICE DRAMA

Now, was everything I was flipping 100% legal? Did I pay every penny of tax? Obviously! (Lol, as if).

Eventually, when the cops came for me, they tore through every single

financial record I had since I was 18. They were desperate to find something dodgy. It got so intense, I'm surprised they didn't send me for one of those "stick-a-camera-up-your-arse" medical exams. But guess what? They found nothing.

My big break came when Dave's plumber decided to pack up and move to Australia. That left a gap. I saw my chance and asked if we could take over the work. My dad was a pro pipe fitter, I was decent with my hands, so we made it happen. Boom. Business partnership unlocked.

For a couple of years, we were killing it—we fitted out entire blocks of flats, one after another. I even copped a couple of properties off-plan. Brought in my wife's brother, Little Stevie, as an apprentice, plus a bunch of mates. At one point, we had a whole squad—like 7 or 8 guys working for us. Money was rolling in.

Then Dave decided to open a hair salon for his daughter. Next door, there was an empty shop space. He offered it to me at cost price—too good to turn down. The rent was only £500 a month.

So what did I do? Opened a tanning salon.

Yes. A tanning salon.

Before you start judging, listen—I was smart about it. Got the signs in English and Polish (because Polish girls love their tan), kept the branding matching the hair salon next door, and boom—we were in business. It was making £2,000 a week, but since most of it was cash, the police were all over me when I started the EDL.

They thought I was dodging tax, laundering money, whatever. So I just pointed them to my garage full of bin liners—every single till receipt, stacked up neatly.

Some poor copper had to spend two years going through thousands of them. Bro, I hope he got a pay raise.

WORLD CUP MADNESS (2006 EDITION)

Other than running my businesses, I was obsessed with following England football. So in 2006, a bunch of us hit Germany for the World Cup. Absolute chaos.

We got a motorhome, a squad of mad lads in their early 20s, plus one 40-year-old guy, Lee. Poor Lee. He thought he could keep us in check. Big mistake.

We were in Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Cologne, Stuttgart, Gelsenkirchen—all over the place. It was vibes... until, well, the German police got involved.

One of the lads had fake Euros (rookie move), so they raided our motorhome. I got cracked on the head, blacked out, woke up in a hospital with a police guard at the door. Not ideal.

Now, instead of just accepting my fate, I did what any reasonable person would do: I escaped.

Ripped out my IV, climbed onto a sixth-floor window ledge, shimmied along, broke into another room, grabbed some towels like I worked there, walked past the guards, and bolted back to the motorhome.

My mate Kylie? Yeah, he wasn't so lucky. They kept him locked up for two weeks.

PEAK CHAOS: BREAKING INTO FIFA HQ

Fast forward to 2011. England was playing Spain, and FIFA said we couldn't wear poppies on the team's kit for Remembrance Sunday. Absolute joke.

Me and the boys were fuming. So what did we do? Flew to Zurich to confront FIFA directly.

Long story short:

We blagged our way into FIFA HQ, pretending to be FA delegates.
Snuck into the actual building, found our way onto the roof, and held up a banner.
Sepp Blatter & FIFA execs were standing below, looking up like WTF is happening?
Cops show up, threaten to arrest us.

We refuse to move. 6 hours later, FIFA backs down.

England got to wear the poppy. Mission accomplished.

Except... they threw us in a Swiss jail for three days.

Kev, my right-hand man, got put in a cell full of violent Somalians. He was not vibing. I, on the other hand, was chilling. Got some solid sleep, chatted with my Liberian cellmate, and had a laugh about the whole thing.

When we got out? Straight to McDonald's.

And that's how a simple idea to honor our soldiers turned into storming FIFA HQ like it was a heist movie.

FINAL THOUGHTS?

Life was wild. And honestly? It was just getting started.

CHAPTER 9: THE DAY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

Bruh, I have no clue how the whole English Defence League (EDL) thing is gonna play out. Will it blow up? Stay the same? Or just slowly die like a bunch of other movements that couldn't keep their act together? Maybe the far-right weirdos will ruin it, or maybe MI5's playing undercover ops, making sure it crumbles from the inside.

You don't think that could happen? You think that's some Hollywood conspiracy-type beat? Don't be dense.

What I can tell you is how it all started—and, spoiler alert, the EDL wouldn't even be a thing if it weren't for Bedfordshire Police. Like, fr, take a bow, lads. Y'all really popped off—maybe even did the country a favor—even though you were trying to shut us down.

So, if you're wondering why there were all those protests, marches, and straight-up chaos across the country? Look no further than our very own cops and the "woke" fools running our towns.

It all went down when Luton was hosting a homecoming parade for the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Anglian Regiment, fresh back from Afghanistan.

And somehow, the police and city officials turned what should've been a wholesome, patriotic moment into absolute madness.

The Chaos Begins

Look, it's easy to point fingers at Sayful Islam and his radical crew—they were out there yelling, spitting, and going full unhinged mode at our soldiers. But let's be real: the cops and politicians let it happen. Honestly? They probably low-key encouraged it. It didn't have to be this way.

When the people of Luton decided to show love for our troops, the police could've just let us be. But nah, they said, let's make this a disaster instead.

So me and Kev (he's basically fam) rolled up that morning, just trying to scope things out. The streets were packed—people were hyped to welcome the soldiers back. But then we noticed a group of 30 women in burqas rolling in, and Kev was like, yo, why are there so many cops here?

Next thing we know, the police are literally escorting Sayful and his boys right into prime heckling position. Like, they walked them through the town hall and set them up so they had the best view to throw insults at the soldiers. Imagine rolling out the red carpet for hate speech.

The signs? Wild. Stuff like "Butchers of Basra" and "Anglian Soldiers Go to Hell." And the police? They just stood there, backs turned to the radicals, basically protecting them. Meanwhile, an 80-year-old war vet starts calling them out, and what do the cops do? Body him to the ground. I wish I was joking.

At that point, Luton was fuming. More and more people started showing up—builders fresh off work, locals, randoms—just to see what the hell was going on. It was pure shouting match energy. One of the funniest moments? Some lad went into Marks & Spencer, raided the bacon aisle, and started chucking packs down at Sayful's crew. Crowd went wild.

FROM PROTEST TO RIOT

Cops started arresting our guys, but two months later, when we planned our own protest? They arrested Kev on some BS charge, just to mess with us. Then, just to "balance things," they picked up five of Sayful's people too, but those guys just got a slap on the wrist.

The police chief came out saying he was "disappointed" that a "small group of people" caused a disturbance. Like bro, did you not see the signs? You really thought no one was gonna get mad when our soldiers were getting called baby killers and butchers?

Luton already had a wild reputation—Al Muhajiroun was from here, Anjem Choudary built his career here, and one of the 7/7 bombers literally prepped in our town. Even the White Widow (that female terrorist everyone's been hunting for) has links to Luton. So yeah, tensions were high.

THE BIRTH OF THE UPL (UNITED PEOPLE OF LUTON)

So after the homecoming disaster, we decided to organize a march to show love for the troops. Super chill, right? Nah, the police went full dystopian mode.

I started dropping off flyers at pubs, but some places were scared to take them. At one bar, some dude started ranting about "racist propaganda," and I was like, bro, open your eyes—two of the lads handing these out are Black.

We planned to peacefully march to the war memorial, have a minute of silence, and clap for our troops. That was literally it. But the cops? They blocked us, treated us like criminals, and kettled us in a square for three hours. People legit had to piss in the street because the police refused to let them leave.

Could you imagine if they did that to a Muslim protest? Nope. Wouldn't happen.

We finally got out, and the next protest? The police came for us harder—banning people from the entire town centre 24/7 for three months. For what? Holding a British flag and supporting soldiers?

THE RIOT THAT WASN'T OURS

Then, one day, I get a call—Kev got arrested for swearing at the radicals. Seriously? Cops sat on that charge for months just to mess with him. I was laughing at how dumb it was. Then, my uncle calls me saying, "Oi, something's kicking off in town."

I drive down, and the Muslim lot—thinking we were about to march—started an actual riot. Pavements ripped up, cops getting attacked, total warzone vibes. Look it up—it was worse than any EDL protest ever.

But did the media care? Nope. Silence.

FROM HERE ON OUT

At that point, it was clear—the council, police, and media were all working together to shut people like me up. Didn't matter if we were peaceful. Didn't matter if we weren't racist. They didn't want us speaking at all.

And that's when we realized: We're not stopping.

From that moment on, my life changed forever. I knew there was no going back. And that, my friends, is how one wild summer in 2009 changed everything.

CHAPTER 10: THE BIRTH OF THE EDL

We were on fire after that second UPL demo. Felt like we'd cracked something open. People were waking up, looking around, finally realizing what was happening in their own backyards. Messages started rolling in—support, stories, blokes sharing what was going on in their towns.

This wasn't just Luton anymore. This was national.

And we knew it.

THE INTERNET CHANGES THE GAME

Back in the day, you needed the newspapers to back you if you wanted to start a movement. You needed funding, influence, connections. Now? All you needed was a video, a viral post, and suddenly, you were everywhere.

So we paid four hundred and fifty quid for a video of our UPL march. Best money we ever spent.

That video took off. People shared it on football forums—Newcastle, Birmingham, London. Lads up and down the country watching it, talking

about it, asking, "What's going on in Luton?"

That's when we knew—this was bigger than us now.

SETTING UP SHOP

We set up a Facebook page called British Citizens Against Muslim Extremists and launched a basic website—Save Luton. Simple stuff. A petition calling for ASBOs against those preachers standing in town centre, screaming their hate against Britain, against our soldiers, against everything we stood for.

And still—no one did a thing.

Then the media clocked on. Journalists started sniffing around, looking for the guy behind the movement. Last thing I needed was my name plastered all over the news this early on, so we gave them a bit of misdirection.

They traced the website back to some bloke, Matt Varga. Reporters rocked up to his house, snapped a picture of him leaning out the window. Next day, the papers are calling him "the man behind the movement."

It wasn't him.

Then we sent our mate Keir to meet the press, told him to say whatever he wanted. Keir didn't care. Meanwhile, I stayed in the background, keeping things moving.

THE FAKE PROTEST IN LONDON

Next thing, we get a message from some geezer online. Name's Dave Shaw, profile picture is just a massive three-lions England tattoo across his back. He tells us, "Millwall lads and local boys are taking to the streets. You should come down."

Sounded legit.

We get a crew together—thirty of us, plus a few lads from Bristol and Newcastle. Head down to London, expecting to see this protest.

Except there wasn't one.

There was no Dave Shaw.

We'd been set up, led on a wild goose chase. So there we were, sat in a pub, thirty of us talking shop, police parked outside watching our every move.

We decided to take a little walk through Whitechapel, singing England football songs, heading toward Whitechapel Mosque. Not causing trouble—just making our presence known.

By the time we got near the Blind Beggar pub, it was clear this wasn't going to end well.

A thousand of them were waiting for us.

No exaggeration. A full-on mob.

Police saw what was about to happen and rushed us out of there sharpish. We weren't there to get battered, so we took the exit while we could.

THE NAME. THE LOGO. THE MOVEMENT.

At this point, it was obvious. This wasn't just some local thing anymore.

We needed a name. We needed an identity.

We tossed ideas around and landed on English Defence League—EDL. It said exactly what we stood for.

We needed a logo. Something strong. Something historic.

We went with the Knights Templar cross.

Then it happened.

The Daily Star ran a picture of one of our lads wearing an "EDL, Luton Division" t-shirt.

That was it. That was the moment.

Suddenly, I was getting messages from all over the country.

"How do we start our own division?"
"We need this where we live."
"Our town's just as bad as yours—what can we do?"

People were angry. They'd been ignored for too long. Their communities were changing, and no one in power was listening.

Now, they had something to rally behind.

THE FIRST TEST – WALKING INTO THE LION'S DEN

Now that we had a name, we needed to show what we were about. We heard that the Islamic Forum of Europe was holding a big conference in London.

We showed up.

Fifteen of us, all in our EDL hoodies, walked straight into the hotel lobby.

And then we realized—there were two thousand of them.

Not exactly even odds.

We sat quietly in the corner, waiting to see what happened.

Didn't take long before the police turned up, took one look at the numbers, and told us, "You lot should leave before this gets out of hand."

For once, I was happy to listen.

CHOUDARY'S PUBLIC CONVERSION STUNT

Then we saw that Anjem Choudary—that radical preacher—was running his Islamic roadshow.

Imagine this.

Middle of a UK city. Massive banner that says, "Jesus was a Muslim." He gets some young white lad on stage and converts him to Islam on the spot.

No outrage. No headlines. No one bats an eye.

Now imagine if we had stood in the middle of Luton and done the opposite—converted a Muslim lad to Christianity in public.

It would have been chaos.

That was the moment it clicked. This wasn't just about extremists in the streets. The double standard went all the way to the top.

So we decided to hit Choudary where it hurt.

Next event was planned in Wood Green. We got in a van, balaclavas on, banners ready. We weren't playing games.

It got messy. One of our lads even got clipped by a bus, but we managed to shut the event down.

And just like that—Choudary pulled his roadshow dates from the website.

He wasn't so keen on public conversions anymore.

THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING BIGGER

By now, EDL was real. It wasn't just an idea anymore.

The media hated us.
The police were watching us.
The government feared us.

And we weren't stopping.

We weren't backing down.

And this?

This was just the beginning.

CHAPTER 11: WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT KEVIN CARROLL

Alright, so when people think of the EDL, they immediately think of Tommy

Robinson. Fair enough. But real talk? None of it would've gone down without my cousin Kevin Carroll. Kev was the co-founder, an elite-level builder, and just an all-around 10/10 bloke. If construction had a Jedi, he'd be Obi-Wan Kenobi. The guy's a legend.

Thing is, me and Kev? Total opposites. Like, actual chalk and cheese. I'm this 5'6" little ball of chaos, while he's a 6'5" absolute unit. I'm all over the place—no structure, pure randomness. But Kev? The guy's got that OCD energy. If you pick him up from his house, I guarantee you, he's gonna walk out, then back in, then back out, then back in again to check something random. Every. Single. Time. Predictable as a dad joke.

And let's talk about his boy scout vibes. If it's snowing and I pull up outside his place, Kev won't just hop in. Nah, he's bringing a blanket, a shovel, four liters of water, and probably a whole survival kit—like we're trekking Everest instead of hitting up Tesco. Man stays prepared. If the world ever goes full apocalypse mode, you'd wanna be stuck with Kev.

NOT YOUR STEREOTYPICAL EDL DUDE

Look, anyone tied to the EDL automatically gets labeled as some violent, right-wing nutjob, like they're just walking around, fueled by rage 24/7. That is so not Kev.

Yeah, he's a big dude, and yeah, he can handle himself. Been about fitness his whole life, built like a tank, and moves like one too. But underneath all that, the guy's soft. Like, proper Dr. Doolittle vibes. Loves animals to a weird degree. Once found an injured bird on a construction site, nursed it back to health, and kept it in the hut till it could fly again. The lads gave him endless stick for it, but that's just who he is.

He's also got some kind of weird connection with foxes. Like, actual wild foxes pull up to his house like it's their local McDonald's. He feeds them in his backyard like it's completely normal. It's not. But that's Kev.

THE MAN WITH THE PRESENCE

Kev's got that energy. At EDL demos, if things got tense, he'd just stand up, say a few words, and boom—crowd under control. No drama, no stress. Just respect. He grew up in Luton, loves his city, and despite everything, never got into the football hooligan scene, though he was a big Luton Town fan.

But man, losing his nephew Liam hit him hard. Kid was only 14, and Kev adored him. Liam got to be Luton Town's mascot for their first home game of the season, had the best day of his life… and then passed away that same afternoon. That kinda thing changes you.

Kev was all about old-school Luton—where black and white communities mixed effortlessly. He had massive respect from the West Indian community, could roll up to blues nights at Five-0 and be right at home.

WHEN THINGS GOT REAL

Now, Kev was never the type to get himself in trouble. No criminal record, nothing. Until the Luton soldiers' homecoming parade. That was the day everything flipped.

The cops dragged him out of bed at 5:50 AM. Eight officers. Just for calling a group of Muslim protestors who were screaming abuse at soldiers a bunch of wankers. I mean, come on.

And the funniest part? In his police interview, they played a clip of him singing "Bin Laden's mother is a whore" and asked if it was him. Kev, without missing a beat, goes "Woah, woah, woah... hold on a minute..." Then he pauses, lets it hang, and goes, "She hasn't made a complaint, has she? 'Cause if she has, I ain't got a problem with her. Just her wanker of a son." Even the cops cracked up.

He got fined, of course. But trust me, he got his money's worth in entertainment value. When he was in court, the prosecution was trying to be all serious, reading out his statement, and Kev just deadpan goes, "Hold on—are we not all agreed that they're wankers? Like, the entire country knows this. And you're prosecuting me for saying it?" Absolute gold.

But that case? It was just the start. The EDL was already blowing up by then, and we were starting to get real attention.
When I Bottled It

Kev's appeal went to Luton Crown Court, and 200-300 EDL supporters showed up for him. And me? I didn't. I bottled it.

I knew if I rocked up, every single person in Luton—Muslim and non-Muslim—would clock me. And I wasn't ready for people to know I was behind the EDL yet. So I made up some excuse and let Kev handle it alone. He smashed it, but man, I felt like a coward.

Watching the footage the next day, seeing Kev walk out of court, giving a speech, leading a march through the town centre—it hit me. He had balls.

THE POPPY BURNING INCIDENT

Then came the infamous poppy burning protest. Anjem Choudary's lot decided to pull that stunt on Armistice Day. If I'm being real, I couldn't believe the cops were just gonna let it happen.

Long story short—I went rogue. Jumped a barrier, stormed into the middle of their lot, and made a scene. The cops dragged me out, arrested me, and tried to hit me with assaulting a police officer. Would've got 3-4 years in prison… except a TV cameraman caught everything on film and proved they were talking absolute rubbish.

Meanwhile, guess who I see getting out of a police van a few hours later? Kev. They'd nabbed him too. Said he'd thrown a metal barrier at officers. Completely out of character. But they tried to make it stick.

Five cops swore under oath that they saw him do it. But they hadn't even coordinated their stories properly. One said he threw it over his head, one said he lobbed it sideways—just a mess. The judge saw right through it, called them out, and threw the case out.

THE NEAR MISS

One of the scariest moments? The time Kev almost got assassinated.

One night, some bloke banged on his door, threw something, and walked off. Kev didn't think much of it until he drove to the end of his road and saw the same guy walking away. He stopped to ask if he'd seen any kids messing about. The guy turned around, reached into his hoodie, and Kev knew something was off.

Next thing? The dude is full-on chasing him with a shotgun.

Kev ran like his life depended on it (because it did), jumped a fence, and completely wrecked his toe and knee in the process. But that fence saved him, 'cause the guy couldn't get over it while holding the gun.

The police? Took ages to take it seriously. But eventually, they put an armed guard on our houses. Offered us new identities, even. Told us to disappear, cut ties with the EDL, and start over. We laughed in their faces.

THE MADNESS OF IT ALL

Looking back, Kev and I both know—this whole thing was insane. But when it came down to it, we had each other's backs.

Kev was the guy. The solid one. The dependable one. He wasn't in it for an ego trip. He genuinely believed in what we were doing. And even now, if you ask him, he'll just shake his head and go, "That was all completely mad."

And he wouldn't be wrong.

CHAPTER 12 – ME & THE MEDIA

Alright, so people love to talk about the names I've used over the years, the whole anonymity thing, trying to keep my private life somewhat private. But let's be real—it's been a long time since that was even an option. And after everything my family has been dragged through, can you really blame me for trying?

The early days of UPL and EDL? Yeah, there were plenty of wild moments, and behind each one, there was usually a reason. Same goes for the different names I used. At the time, they seemed like solid moves—some, obviously, not as smart as I thought.

Dealing with obvious enemies—radical extremists, far-left Marxist types, or those UAF headcases—was one thing. At least with them, you knew where you stood. But trying to get the EDL recognized as a legit protest movement? Our biggest ops weren't even those guys—it was the so-called "neutral" British press, the government, and the lawmakers. Since day one (with a few rare exceptions), the media coverage on us has been lazy at best, straight-up malicious at worst.

Flashback to our first UPL demo—we showed up with signs, and one of the biggest ones literally said "National Front, go to hell." We weren't here for far-right nonsense. We were standing against extremist gangs ruining our town and our kids' futures. And yet, what did my local paper say? That we were "far-right extremists." I was like, "What the actual hell are they on about?"

All we wanted to do was walk through town, hold a minute of silence. That's it. Just to show that regular folks in Luton backed our troops. But nah, the media couldn't be bothered to get the story right. Instead, we got boxed into their lazy labels—far-right, racist, extremist, thug. And apparently, that included our moms, wives, and grandmas too. Make it make sense.

Yeah, most of us looked like a bunch of football hooligans—because, let's be honest, we kinda were. But we were also just regular, working-class people standing up for what we believed in. Nothing complicated about it.

And when we spoke out against the Islamification of our country—without attacking anyone, blowing anything up, or beheading people—suddenly, having that opinion was a crime. Like, how did we even get here?

It's funny how the working class is good enough to go fight and die in wars for the elites, but the second we start questioning what's happening in our own communities, we're the bad guys. How does that work?

Honestly, someone explain it to me. I'm all ears. And it's not like I've ever been scared to debate these things, even when I knew I was walking straight into a setup. I've learned to spot a "let's gang up on Tommy" situation from a mile away now, but back then? Not so much.

I wasn't even a big news guy back in the UPL and early EDL days. Didn't watch News at Ten, Question Time, Newsnight. And I definitely didn't know about right-wing vs. left-wing newspapers. No clue.

So when The Guardian hit me up for an interview, I went in blind. Showed up with three of my mates—Isaac, Benji, and Dorsett (who's like 6'5 and an absolute unit). And guess what? They were all Black. We sat down, I laid it all out—what was happening in Luton, the radicalization, the social issues. I thought I was having a real convo.

Then the article dropped. And bruh. They still called me a racist. Completely ignored the fact that I showed up with my Black best mates. Like, how? Make. It. Make. Sense.

That was my first real taste of national media BS. And people told me, "You don't talk to The Guardian." I was like, "Huh? It's just a newspaper." Nah. Turns out, some of these papers aren't about reporting—they're about pushing their own narrative.

That was a wake-up call. But the real "oh damn" moment came when I realized how deep the media's bias ran. These people weren't just twisting the truth—they were straight-up lying.

The same thing happened when I let Tom Costello from Channel 4 into my life for over a year. He filmed everything. I even invited him to my wedding. Thought he'd be fair. Nope. Dude straight-up played me.

He acted like we were mates the whole time, then dropped a documentary called "Proud & Prejudiced," making me look like some extremist lunatic. They even edited footage to make it seem like I was saying 'Breivik' (as in Anders Breivik, the mass murderer) when I was literally just joking around saying 'ribbit, ribbit.' Like, they really did me dirty.

And then Channel 4 sent him on a vacation for "protection" in case I got mad. LMAO. These people are jokes.

So yeah, over time, I got smarter. Learned the game. I started leveraging my interviews to at least get something out of it—free meals, travel, whatever. If they were gonna twist my words anyway, might as well get a steak dinner first.

The media, though? They never got tired of calling me a Nazi, fascist, racist, thug. Even when I literally fought against Nazis. Even when I left the EDL. They just kept pushing the same BS.

And it's not just the press. The BBC, ITV, the lot of them—fake neutrality. Behind the scenes? So many of them would secretly tell me they agreed, but they'd never say it publicly. Cowards.

One time, I went on BBC3's "Free Speech," thinking it'd be a fair debate.

Nope. Total ambush. Some guy literally suggested I should be put on an island and bombed with anthrax. And the audience cheered.

And yet, I'm the extremist?

But guess what? That episode hit over 250k views on YouTube and got thousands of comments supporting me. So yeah, let the left-wing mob keep exposing themselves. It only makes our point clearer.

Same thing happened when I went on Newsnight with Jeremy Paxman. The far-left crowd thought he was gonna destroy me. Instead? I held my own, and the next day, the Daily Mail was saying, "Tommy made Paxman look average."

Look, I'm not saying I'm perfect. I've made mistakes. I've gotten in trouble. But that doesn't mean my points aren't valid.

People think it's easy standing up against this stuff. It's not. It costs you—your reputation, your safety, your future. And the media? They'll never play fair.

But here's the thing—I've learned how to work their game too. And no matter how many hit pieces they drop, the truth always gets out.

And that's the real battle.

CHAPTER 13: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

So, I was born Stephen Yaxley, but these days? Everyone calls me Tommy—even my close friends. If I'm walking through Luton and someone from my school days spots me, it's always, "Oi, Tommy!" Some of the old crew still call me Yax, but that's rare.

Back in my football days, I had another nickname: Tyrone. Wanna guess why? Apparently, I looked like that short, chubby dude from Coronation Street. Yeah, the joke stuck.

PLAYING THE NAME GAME

Lowkey, I was already finessing fake names way before all this. One time, the Daily Sport did a photoshoot with some, uh… "glamour models" and some of the football lads. We had 14 stretch limos rolling up to an away match in

Coventry, and these girls tagged along. Turns out, one of them was from Biggleswade. I got her on the phone with a mate I knew from Bedford nick, and boom—they ended up getting married! Wild.

I set the whole thing up with The Sport, but when they interviewed me, I just made up a random name: Steve Dann, a 26-year-old bricklayer from Stopsley. My actual mate Steve was standing next to me in the pic, but the paper credited him with everything. Next thing, his missus is losing her mind over it. It was just a joke, but some people have zero sense of humor.

THE EDL ERA: NO PLAN, JUST VIBES

If I could rewind and redo the whole EDL thing, I'd definitely be more strategic from the start. We knew we weren't "far-right" like the media kept screaming, but once they crop a photo the right way, you can make Jesus himself look like he's throwing up a Nazi salute.

The whole balaclava phase was a massive L. I tried to stay out of the spotlight for a year, but let's be real—that was never gonna work. Instead, it made us look like some wannabe paramilitary squad. At the time, it made sense—we knew the police would target anyone they could ID, just like they did after that Luton-Watford match. But looking back? Big mistake.

At first, I thought I could keep my identity a secret—hence the fake names and masks. But that backfired, and soon enough, I was recognizable everywhere.

THE BIRTH OF "TOMMY ROBINSON"

When I first hit the media, I wasn't even Tommy Robinson yet. One of my first radio interviews? I randomly told them my name was Wayne King—and let me tell you, keeping a straight face while a BBC presenter seriously calls you "Wayne King" is peak comedy. The media ran with it like absolute muppets.

But "Tommy Robinson" came from my uncle's idea. He was obsessed with some football hooligan book, MIG Down, where the author mentioned me as a "natural leader." Except… the author used my real name while giving fake names to all the older lads. Kinda annoying, but whatever. So, I took Tommy Robinson—not even his real name, either—and just ran with it. And somehow, it stuck.

At first, I thought it'd last a couple of weeks. Nope. It snowballed, and suddenly, I wasn't "Yax" anymore. I was Tommy Robinson, to the public and even to my mates.

WHEN THE MASK CAME OFF

For a year, I managed to keep my real identity hidden. Even my mum had no idea. But then, some absolute nutjob named Paul Ray (100% delusional, by the way) tried to blackmail me. He called me up from Malta with his mate, a German neo-Nazi named "Nazi Nick" Gregor (yeah, really). They gave me an ultimatum: hand over the EDL or they'd dox me.

Obviously, I wasn't about to bow down to these clowns. Midnight came, and sure enough, they leaked my real name and address online—along with some insane claim that I'd kidnapped Paul Ray's mum.

I won't lie, I was bricking it. I knew the Muslim gangs in Luton would be out for blood once they realized that "Tommy" was actually their old mate Yax. And yeah… my fears were very justified.

After that, I sat down with Kev and the lads. We had to make a choice: go all in or walk away. We shook hands and decided, F**k it, we're in. No half-measures.

THE REALITY OF BEING "TOMMY"

Once I went fully public, EDL support exploded. When people see your face, hear you talk, they connect more. The media tried to paint us as some faceless hate mob, but the second I stepped in front of a camera? People listened.

But on a personal level? It was weird.

In Luton, some OGs still call me Yax.
At home, my wife, kids, and their friends call me Steve.
On the street, strangers either shake my hand or scream abuse at me.

One time, my daughter overheard me on the phone saying, "Yeah, it's Tommy." She looked at me all confused and went, "You're not Tommy!" I had to lie on the spot and tell her I was talking to Granddad Tommy.

But it gets even messier—because legally? My actual name is Paul Harris. Long story. But try explaining to your 6-year-old why you have three names.

REAL TALK: HOW DO I EXPLAIN THIS TO MY KIDS?

At some point, I need to tell them everything. Because let's be honest—Google exists. They're gonna find out. And I'd rather they hear my side first than read some clickbait hit piece.

I don't want my daughter's first introduction to my past to be "far-right extremist" bullshit. She needs to understand why I did what I did, what's happening in places like Rochdale, Rotherham, Luton—and why Islam isn't always the "religion of peace" it claims to be.

But for now? She's too young. And I don't need her going to school saying, "My dad's Tommy Robinson" and causing drama.

LIVING WITH A TARGET ON MY BACK

Ever since my real identity got leaked, I've had people coming for me.

One time, I was in a pub watching Man U vs. Man City when my uncle called—his son was being followed by some radical Islamist gang. I jumped in my car, grabbed a balaclava (leftover from the old days), and pulled up.

There were 25 of them, and the second they saw me, they ran like rabbits. But instead of arresting them, the police arrested me. No searches, no weapons checks—nothing. They locked me up for 36 hours for literally standing up for my family.

The reality is: the police are cowards. They'll bend over backwards for the radicals because they're scared of riots.

SO WHO AM I?

I'm Stephen. I'm Tommy. I'm Paul Harris.

But at the end of the day? I'm just a guy trying to fight for his country. And I know one day, my kids are gonna ask about all this. When that time comes, I'll tell them the whole truth—no sugarcoating.

But for now? I'm just Dad.

CHAPTER 14: THE EDL 2.0 – NO FILTER

Looking back, there's a ton I'd do differently if we had to restart the EDL, but you gotta understand—it was a spur-of-the-moment street movement, pure and simple. We'd just post demo dates on Facebook, act on impulse—mostly my impulse—whenever we saw some wild politically correct nonsense going down.

It was kinda innocent, kinda naïve, no grand plan, no political agenda—just a bunch of us mad as hell about what was happening in our cities, our towns, our country. Let's be real—Tommy Robinson was never trying to be PM, unlike Dudley North's Tory candidate, Afzal Amin, who had some seriously sketchy connections.

But I'll say this till my last breath—it was never about racism. We hated the BNP and all those far-right weirdos just as much as we hated Sayful Islam and his crew. We were anti-Muslim extremism, not anti-Muslim people. But let's be real, some of the issues in their community needed addressing, and staying silent wasn't helping anyone.

Like, is it even controversial to say that if we're all in this together, they should step up too? The so-called silent majority can't just sit back forever.

Fast forward to late 2015, and every week, there's a new headline:

- Another grooming gang scandal involving Muslim men
- Another council or police force looking the other way
- Another group of young guys running off to join ISIS

Just recently, a family of 12 from Luton dipped out to Syria. Good riddance. Right after that, Barnardo's said they warned the authorities way back in 2008 about grooming gangs. The EDL called it out, but did anyone listen? Nah. And now some random bureaucrat in Buckinghamshire is giving a half-assed apology, like, "Oops, our bad, we know more now than we did then." Bruh.

And let's be real—if you even mention this stuff publicly, there's a whole

queue of people ready to cancel you, label you racist, and act like you just dropped a hate crime. And if your name is Tommy Robinson, multiply that by a thousand.

Honestly, I don't know if it's ignorance or just straight-up stupidity. Maybe both. If this country actually ends up as an Islamic state like extremists want, it won't be because of them—it'll be because of the people who bent over backwards to let it happen.

Like, be real with yourself—do you actually see the UK turning into this perfect, multicultural, "we're all besties" society?
Yeah, didn't think so. Not if history tells us anything.

We let half the Muslim population—women—get treated like second-class citizens by their medieval men, and our so-called human rights activists won't even whisper about it. But yeah, sure, let's all just keep dreaming about that peaceful, one-nation future. Total madness.

Oh, and those UAF (Unite Against Fascism) traitors? They love defending radical Islam, but if sharia law ever takes over, guess what? They'll be next in line.

THE RISE OF THE EDL

From 2009 to 2010, the EDL was booming. We kicked off in Manchester and Leeds, then Stoke, Bolton, Dudley—thousands of people showed up. The movement took off like wildfire.

We had locals reaching out from all over—Plymouth, Newcastle—asking for help. Whether it was about another massive mosque project or their kids getting attacked or groomed, we showed up.

There was even an EDL Youth Division started by a mixed-race London lad, Joel Titus—but we lost him after some football hooligan drama. Nothing to do with us, but he got slapped with a 10-year ASBO, so that was that.

Keeping the far-right weirdos away was a constant struggle. From day one, we had solid patriots backing us, but with the movement growing, so did the problems.

Biggest mistake? Not setting up a proper membership system or having a steady cash flow. Half the time, it was just me and Kev funding everything—banners, hoodies, transport.

HELEN GOWER: THE REAL MVP

One person who deserves all the credit? Helen Gower. Absolute legend. She was basically my surrogate mum and personal attack dog rolled into one. Even now, she still calls to make sure I'm handling my business.

She got involved through Guramit Singh, our Sikh leader, who honestly had bigger balls than me when it came to calling out Islam. The stuff he said? Next level.

We also had "Nemesis", a dude who only went by a nickname and wrote high-level counter-jihad blogs. Smart as hell, anti-Nazi, anti-racist, but also fully aware of the dangers of Islamism.

Honestly, at one point I thought he was MI5. Guy had a shitty call center job by day but was out here dropping intellectual bombs by night.

THE DRAMA & BETRAYALS

As the movement got bigger, so did the BS. Dudes with zero leadership skills suddenly thought they were hotshots. Some of them wouldn't be able to run a Tesco till, let alone lead a movement.

By 2012, the in-fighting was insane. Every week, someone was beefing about who should be in charge. We had far-right extremists trying to infiltrate, plus undercover cops, media plants, and MI5 agents.

At one point, I even had some Hells Angels dude roll up like he was gonna take over. Spoiler alert: he didn't.

By Walthamstow 2012, it was chaos. Police screwed us over, trapped our supporters miles away, and let UAF thugs and radical Muslims pelt us with bricks and bottles. Then my own people got mad at me, thinking I left them hanging. WTF?

It was too much. I had zero personal life, I was exhausted, and it felt like I was babysitting thousands of drunk lads who just wanted a Saturday piss-up.

By Walsall, I'd had enough. I flew out to Slovenia for a stag do, ignoring the nonstop calls about how I had to come back or the movement would collapse. Eventually, I caved and flew back, but I was mentally checked out.

THE FINAL STRAW

The police were on me 24/7, tracking everything. I pulled off one last stunt, rolling up to a demo disguised as a rabbi (yeah, really), but they weren't having it.

By 2013, I knew the EDL was over for me. The movement had become unmanageable, infiltrated by bad actors, and I was burnt out.

They locked me up for passport fraud (long story), and honestly? That time in prison saved my life.

CHAPTER 15: ENEMY OF THE STATE

So, in the UK prison system, you're only supposed to be in solitary for a max of 72 hours before your case gets kicked up to the Home Secretary. That's the rule, anyway. Reality? A whole different story.

I've already talked about my first stint in Bedford prison when I was younger, acting like I had it all under control. You find your crew, you chat, you get through it. There's TV, exercise, a bit of a routine—you make do.

But solitary? That's a whole different beast. Being 'down the block' is no joke. When I got done for illegally entering the U.S., plus the added bonus of death threats, they kept asking if I wanted to be 'on the numbers'—basically, in protective custody. But that also meant being lumped in with the worst kind of people: pervs, pedos, absolute scum. No chance. If the other option was being stuck with hardcore extremists, so be it. I'd take my chances—call it Luton pride or whatever.

Solitary is a box. A literal box. Think police cell, but meant for short stays, not weeks. Concrete bed with a thin plastic mattress, a toilet. That's it. Once a day, you get a shower, a phone call, and a walk in a tiny, windowless metal cage. No sunlight. No normal human contact. It's punishment, plain and simple. The goal? To break you. To push you to the edge without technically

'torturing' you.

Some blokes basically live in solitary because they're a threat to everyone—including themselves. You can barely call them human anymore. But before I get into that, I need to give you the bigger picture—what my life outside the EDL had turned into and how the British state was basically on a mission to take me down.

WAR ON TOMMY

Look, I've made some dumb choices. Some absolute shockers. I knew a lot of them would end badly—like climbing on top of the FIFA building in Zurich. I mean, what did I expect? A first-class upgrade for the flight home?

But some fights are worth the trouble. You take the fine, you do the time in a cell, but at least you've made your point.

I'm not trying to play the martyr card. I'm just a bloke who got fed up being treated like a second-class citizen in my own town, my own country. Someone had to stand up and ask the question: What the hell are we doing? Are we really okay with what's happening? Are we just going to sit back and let it happen? Or are we so deep in denial that we don't even realize it's happening?

The second the EDL kicked off—with me as the face of it—the British state went full attack mode. Arrests, detention, tearing apart my business history, throwing me into cells with violent extremists—you name it, they tried it.

The plan? Wear me down. Shut me up. Make an example out of me. Show everyone else that no one messes with the system.

Yeah, I've pushed my luck. But did I deserve to be locked in a room with three violent terrorists who beat me to a pulp? This is supposed to be Britain, right? A 'civilized' country?

Yeah, sure. Try saying that when your head's split open and your teeth are scattered across the floor.

THE STITCH-UP

From the moment the EDL started making waves, the police were on me.

Didn't matter what I did, they'd find a way to come knocking.

Like the time I got arrested at Luton Airport on my way to Scotland. Apparently, I was being done for 'criminal damage and a racially aggravated incident.' News to me.

Turns out, they were referring to a £30 door fitting that got broken at a hotel after an EDL demo. Yep. Thirty quid. But they sent 15 officers from Sheffield all the way to Luton to search my house, my mum's house, and seize everything, including my dad's business computer.

Over a £30 door fitting.

Make it make sense.

And the best part? They already had a signed statement from the hotel manager before they even raided me, confirming I had nothing to do with it. The cops ignored it. Because it was never about a broken door, was it?

Then they started playing financial games. Money laundering, tax evasion—throwing whatever they could at me.

They shut down my bank accounts, froze my money, raided my house with armed police, and even dug up my neighbour's drains.

And for what? Nothing. After years of this, every accusation crumbled. But by then, they'd already done the damage. My wife was humiliated, we had to move house multiple times, my business was in ruins.

Even my dad got dragged in. Barclays Bank shut down his business and personal accounts with zero explanation. Just like that.

Then they slapped me with a spending limit: £250 a week. That was it. No appeals, no hearings. Just pure state oppression.

When the trial finally came, I handed them every single bank statement, receipt, and invoice. The judge took one look at the police's case and threw it out.

Four years of stress, harassment, and legal fees—all for nothing.

LIFE INSIDE

After the M25 passport arrest, I got locked up in Wandsworth. Solitary again. The governor straight up told me I'd get killed if they put me on the main wing. So, back in the box I went.

No heating. Freezing Victorian cell. No TV. No human contact except when I got dragged in front of the governor once a week for 'mental health checks.'

The system wasn't about justice. It was about breaking me.

Then, just when I started to settle, they moved me again.

Wandsworth → Bedford → Solitary.

Bedford → Woodhill → Solitary.

Woodhill → Back to Wandsworth → Solitary.

This wasn't prison. This was a game. A twisted, psychological torture session run by the state.

I wasn't some psycho killer. I was in for borrowing a mate's passport. But they treated me like Britain's Most Wanted.

FINAL STRAW

During those 22 weeks in solitary, I read the Quran. A Muslim group sent it to me, probably as a joke. But I read it cover to cover.

And you know what? Every single thing I'd heard about radical Islam—it was all in there.

Hatred towards Jews and Christians? Check.

Sex slavery? Check.

Beating wives? Check.

Killing non-believers? Check.

I started calling out the Muslim prisoners. Half of them didn't even know their own religion. One guy, Hobbs, a Jamaican convert, got into a row with me because he refused to believe his own nan was burning in hell (according to Islam, she would be).

They lost their minds. Even the prison imam asked me to chill out.

But I wasn't backing down.

I started messing with them. Every day, I'd take the newspaper, doodle burqas over all the girls in bikinis, then pass it around to the Muslim lads. They'd act offended—but you just knew they were still looking.

By the time I got out, I'd learned one thing:

This wasn't just about me. This was about silencing anyone who dared to question the status quo.

And I wasn't about to shut up

LOCKED UP, LEFT OUT, AND FIGHTING BACK

So there I was, weeks turning into months, stuck in solitary, while my fam did everything they could to get someone—anyone—to take my case seriously. Around the eight-week mark, with no light at the end of the tunnel, they started reaching out to human rights lawyers. Every single one of them acted all shocked at first, like, "Oh my god, that's awful!"—but the second they clocked who I was, they backpedaled faster than a politician caught lying.

One straight-up admitted most of their clients were Muslim, and repping me would kill their rep. Another dude, the same lawyer who defended Jon Venables (yeah, the guy who murdered a toddler), refused to even touch my case. So, defending a child killer? Cool. But me? Nah, too controversial. Guess human rights aren't for everyone.

At Wandsworth, I had a weekly check-in with the governor, a mental health doc, and some religious rep—sometimes an imam. Even they knew I didn't belong there, but no one wanted to take the heat for moving me. Then a

priest dropped by, chatting about special units where they stash snitches—like, no thanks, bro, I'll rot in here before I go that route.

By the time they sent me back to Wandsworth for round two, I was falling apart. Lost two stone, covered in sores, and looking rough. One of the guards, an ex-Royal Marine, sat me down and kept it real: "Mate, you need to get out of solitary before it breaks you." It had dried me out, sure, but at that point, it was pushing me over the edge.

So I went on hunger strike—just liquids for seven days—because honestly, it felt like they were deliberately trying to break me. I'd done time before, but this? This was something else. This was psychological torture, state-sponsored madness. I was ready to snap when, finally, the governor called me in and said I was getting transferred to Wayland—a proper Category C prison with actual facilities. Sounded like an upgrade.

Except—plot twist—they threw me straight back in the hole. Solitary. Again.

I lost it. This was inhumane.

Then there was the visit drama. My fam had a two-hour slot, but instead of getting me at 11:30 like usual, they left them waiting till 1 PM. Why? Because Muslim prisoners had their visits first. By the time I got out there, we had 45 minutes left, and I was already fuming. The whole visit was ruined.

And it got worse. Every day, one of the Muslim inmates would spit through my cell door flap as he walked past. So I got smart.

Covered the flap with paper, gave myself a split second to react. Next time he pulled it open? BAM. He got a face full of my piss. Not my proudest moment, but trust me—it was deserved.

The screws didn't even punish me for that—just for covering the flap with paper. "Loss of privileges," they said. Like, what privileges?! I had nothing to lose.

Meanwhile, my release date came and went. I should've been home, but nope, still stuck in solitary. My family finally found a badass lawyer—a woman from Stokoe Partnership in Manchester—who threatened a Judicial Review. That's when they finally caved and let me out. Funny how the system

only moves when you hit them with legal action.

But just as I thought I was catching a break, the state turned up the heat in other ways.

At the time the EDL started, we had seven properties—one in my name, six in my wife's. When her brother, Little Stevie, wanted to buy a place, I lent him £20,000 for his deposit. Normal family stuff. He bought it, flipped it six months later, made £30,000. The catch? He overstated his income on the mortgage. But let's be real—everyone was doing that back then. No one lost money, no scam, no victims.

Still, the police had been on a mission to take me down, and they saw their chance. They spent hundreds of thousands trying to make a tax case against me. One by one, their 30-odd charges fell apart—until they played their trump card. They were gonna go after my wife.

She didn't even handle our finances, but they didn't care. They wanted me. And if that meant dragging her into it, ruining our life? So be it.

I was facing 3-5 years over a property deal from 2006—all because the cops wanted to push the value over £500,000 to make it "serious." My wife told me straight-up: "Don't plead guilty just to protect me." But they had me cornered. I knew they'd offer a deal, and I knew I'd have to take it.

At the same time, my mum was battling cancer, and I was a wreck. Instead of stepping up, I was spiraling—getting wasted when I should've been there for her. The guilt was eating me alive. That's when I knew I had to get out of the EDL.

I'd met the Quilliam Foundation while filming a doc, and Maajid Nawaz had said to hit him up if I ever wanted out. So I did. They saw the PR potential—"Tommy Robinson leaves EDL"—and in return, they agreed to cover my family's bills if I got locked up again.

For the first time in years, I put my family first.

I was still gonna fight the big charge, but right before trial, they offered a new deal: drop it down to the initial £20,000 loan. My solicitor said I'd probably get a suspended sentence. I told them I'd take it—but only if they agreed

I hadn't financially benefited, so they couldn't come after me later. They agreed.

In court, the Archbishop of Canterbury's office even sent a letter asking for leniency. A Quilliam rep showed up to vouch for me. And the judge still hit me with 18 months. Yeah, that didn't feel rigged at all.

While I was inside, my mum had a 12-hour operation. The odds were 50/50. I sat in my cell, waiting for the chaplain to tell me if she made it. He never came. Night passed. I was breaking. Next morning, that little cell window slid open, and he just said, "Your mum's alright."

I never saw her the whole time I was inside, but at least she was still here.

I thought I was done. Served my time, left the EDL, tried to move on. But the police weren't done with me. The deal I made? They ripped it up. Said they were coming after me for £315,000, in "proceeds of crime."

Why? Because they could.

They took everything—our savings, our assets—because I'd loaned my brother-in-law twenty grand. The whole thing was a joke. A blatant, personal vendetta.

But that was my life. The system wasn't just trying to punish me—they were trying to erase me.

And yet, here I still am.

CHAPTER 16: THE END OF THE LIVE

So, there was this moment when it seemed like the EDL might actually pop off nationwide—right after Lee Rigby's murder in May 2013. The whole country was big mad, but, you know, only for a hot minute.

At that time, I was trying to get my life together—did some time for the passport thing, still had the mortgage drama hanging over me, and I was seriously rethinking my role in the EDL. Things at home were getting messy too—my cousin was getting chased down by Sayful Islam and his crew, and

we had a whole street brawl outside my uncle's house.

Another wild moment? Took my kids to a birthday party at this big indoor play gym, right? Pretty chill—just a bunch of moms with their little ones. But then, I see him—Ibrahim. Dude was there with his kids and some women in burqas. I thought, "Alright, let's just ignore each other, keep it moving." But nope, the drama followed.

Next thing I know, someone tells me to look outside—40 bearded guys, mullahs, the whole squad, led by Sayful Islam. Straight up looked like a movie scene. I called Kev and some of the boys, handed my kids over to some moms, and braced for whatever was coming. Six of these guys roll in, telling me to step outside. Whole place is watching. I went to the kitchen, looking for anything to defend myself, had the chef freaking out—then BOOM, police sirens.

So, I walk out, and guess what? The cops start yelling at me. "GET DOWN, GET DOWN!" Like bro, are we seeing the same thing?! There were 40 guys out there ready to end me, and I'm the one getting barked at. Unreal. Luckily, just in time, Kev, some uncles, and my brother-in-law pulled up—reinforcements. Things could've gone south real fast, but more cops showed up, and that was that.

Still, I left that party thinking, "Great, my kids are never getting invited to another birthday party again." And yeah, that actually happened—when my little boy started school, the invites just… stopped. That one hurt.

At this point, I knew I couldn't keep dragging my family through this madness. But it's not like you can just log out of being Tommy Robinson. I'd created this whole persona, and there was no easy way out. Unless I wanted to live in a cave or get a whole new face, I was stuck.

I needed time to think, but life wasn't giving me that. While I was locked up, Kev was catching heat, and my family was struggling. Shoutout to Pamela Geller for helping out, and to the EDL folks who pitched in—£1,800 was raised while I was in solitary. Huge respect for that. But it wasn't enough to keep my family going. And I refused to beg the government for benefits.

Some real ones helped, though. My old mate Cash—Jamaican, came to Luton when he was 11—would literally slide £100 through my door every now and

then. And yet, this guy couldn't even get a passport to go on holiday with me because of some bureaucratic nonsense. The system is beyond broken.

By then, I was spiraling—feeling sorry for myself, pissed off at everything. Some people turned on me, some turned on Kev, and I knew for a fact they wouldn't last a day in our shoes. So, I told the EDL crew, "I need time with my family. No demos for me."

Then came May 22nd—my kid's birthday. Family's over, good vibes… and then I get the call. "Turn on the TV."

I stood there, watching the footage from Woolwich. Lee Rigby. Broad daylight. Brutal. I turned to my wife and just said, "I'm off."

Yeah… that didn't go over well at home.

I was literally trying to figure out how to exit the EDL, and now? I was getting dragged right back in. Calls were flying in—people saying Muslims were out celebrating, shouting "Allahu Akbar" about the attack. I knew I had to go to Woolwich.

Little did I know, six months before his death, Lee Rigby had actually been at a wedding in Luton—with Kev.

We jumped in the car, got to London, met up with a lot of the lads. The streets were buzzing—anger, rage, pure emotion. But despite what the media says, it wasn't some violent riot. It was people grieving, furious, and demanding answers.

Of course, the press had a field day. "EDL MOB TAKES TO THE STREETS." Did they mention that we never beheaded anyone? Nah, of course not.

I made a video talking about Lee Rigby, and it hit 600K views in days. My Twitter shot up by 50K followers overnight. That was it—Kev and I knew we were back in the game.

The government? They completely fumbled the response. France had the Charlie Hebdo attack, and the whole country united. Here? Nothing. We should have had a national rally for Lee Rigby—a chance for everyone to mourn, to show unity. Imagine if Muslim Brits had stepped up publicly to

honor him? But nope. Instead, the government was busy protecting Muslim communities from possible "backlash."

If someone yelled at a woman in a burqa? BOOM—instant arrest, "hate crime," case closed. Meanwhile, the group "Tell Mama" (funded by the government, btw) was out here faking hate crime stats, trying to paint Britain as some anti-Muslim hellhole. Funny how that got swept under the rug.

Lee Rigby wasn't just a soldier. He was a young lad with a family, who fought for a country that basically shrugged at his murder. The government wanted him to be an inconvenience, not a symbol.

But the people showed up for him. The EDL organized peaceful "Walk for Lee" rallies all over the UK. In 68 towns and cities, folks came out, paid respects, and walked in his honor. But the media? Silent. If we had rioted or caused chaos, oh, they would've been all over it.

I remember Sheffield—the UAF losers tried to block us from even reaching the war memorial. I told our lot: don't react. No chanting, no yelling—just walk in silence with two fingers raised in a peace sign.

We turn the corner—pure silence—right into a wall of screaming leftists and extremists losing their minds. But we stayed quiet. And guess what? The media called it "EDL Hitler salutes." You literally can't win.

One of the police officers who liaised with us that day called me afterward—said she was disgusted by the media's lies. She told me we did everything right, that we were completely respectful. I even recorded her because I knew no one would believe it otherwise.

We walked in peace. We laid our flowers. And yet, the same people who claim to fight for "justice" were the ones celebrating Lee Rigby's murder.

So, tell me—what did we do wrong?

SAME VIBES, DIFFERENT DAY.

So we pulled up to Downing Street, trying to keep it chill, you know, tryna give off the right energy. Told everyone to keep it peaceful. But nah, bottles

were raining down like it was some wild festival.

And you gotta ask yourself—how much of this do the cops actually want to happen? Like, is this part of their game plan? They easily could've kept the UAF and Muslim protesters at a distance when we walked down Whitehall, but nah, they let 'em get close. Why? 'Cause they needed some drama for the cameras. And guess who they were gonna blame? Us. Every damn time.

That day, I actually caught most of it on camera myself. Randomly, there was also a group of Sikhs protesting for something personal to them. I'd even chatted with their organizer the night before and told him they'd have zero issues from us.

And then the cops? Classic move. They placed the UAF and Muslim protesters right behind the Sikh group. Meanwhile, we got marched in from Trafalgar Square, straight into the mix. Now, I dunno what they were expecting, but the second we saw the Sikh group, all our guys just started clapping. Straight respect. The looks on the Sikhs' faces? Pure shock. Like, this was not the narrative they'd been fed.

But the cops weren't done playing. Their masterstroke? Blocked our PA system a mile away. Smooth. Hard to give speeches when you can barely be heard over a crowd that's already on edge. So me, my guy Gilly, and Jason Mariner from the Chelsea lot? We straight-up carried the whole damn system back ourselves. Cops tried to threaten us, but we called their bluff.

Finally got the rally going, and I kicked off my speech with a nod to Churchill and what he said about the Sikhs. Then, boom—bottles start flying from the UAF lot. Our guys were about to react, but the Sikh protesters were right in the middle, so everything just stopped. No chaos, no fights. Just pure awkwardness for the cops, who were probably hoping for a full-on riot.

Later, the Sikh organizer came up to me on camera and straight-up admitted: "The police set you up." And I was like, duh. They always do.

And of course, you never heard about the time we actually helped out a Sikh community group when their summer school was getting harassed. We rolled up, had a chat with the kids, educated them on Sikh contributions to Britain. And guess what? The harassment stopped. But no, that kind of story never makes the headlines.

The police? They're always engineering just enough chaos to justify their overtime pay. Every demo we arranged, we tried to keep it smooth. But they'd flip the script last-minute to cause problems that didn't even need to exist. Absolute jokers.

And then there was the whole Lee Rigby situation. That whole tragedy, and the public barely reacted. Like, how did Britain just shrug at something like that? A soldier gets murdered in broad daylight, and people treat it like a minor inconvenience. One week of tabloid outrage, and then poof—everyone moves on.

So me and Kev decided to do a charity walk in Lee's memory. Simple, right? Just a peaceful walk from Parliament to Woolwich. Raised £6K for Help for Heroes—and they rejected it. Said they don't take "political donations." Absolute BS. We weren't even a political party!

Then we tried to donate the money to a charity for a little girl named Amelia Mae Davis, who needed life-saving treatment. And guess what? They refused it too.

Like, make it make sense. This country can spend millions protecting extremist nutjobs but can't take charity money to help save a kid? Her family wanted the money, but the charity blocked it 'cause it came from us.

Anyway, we went ahead with the walk. Cops tried stopping us, of course. Apparently, walking through Tower Hamlets was "insensitive" 'cause of "community tensions." Like, so what—you're telling me I can't walk in certain areas in my own country? That one still burns me up.

We had police escorts, plus a bunch of UAF clowns trailing us, trying to start shit. One of them straight-up walked up and punched Kev. Right in front of the police. And did they do anything? Nah, of course not. Instead, they arrested us for "obstructing the police." I kept asking, "How exactly are we obstructing you?" And the officer? Just blanked me. She was obviously getting orders through her earpiece, running on autopilot.

Then the judge got involved. And man, she was pissed. She straight-up snapped at the cops, said she wasn't limiting my freedoms, and let me go. First time in a while I actually had a little faith in the system.

But it didn't end there. The media, as usual, took things to clown levels. One paper ran with: "EDL Boss in Tulisa Kidnap Probe." Like—what?!

Here's what actually happened: After the Aldgate demo, I pulled over with a TV producer to record a quick video. Turns out, the house we stopped near? Tulisa's. Her PA saw us, freaked out, and called the cops, thinking we were some dodgy burglars. Next thing we knew, cop cars were swarming the place.

They searched our car for "burglary tools" (bruh), then booked me for leaving my keys in the ignition. The logic? "Car unattended." Meanwhile, every police car nearby also had keys in the ignition. I called them out on it, but obviously, they didn't care.

Fast forward, and the papers ran with that Tulisa headline like I was some kind of criminal mastermind.

Honestly? It was hilarious. Next day in Liverpool, some Scouser at a bus stop was reading the story, looked up at me, then back at the paper. I pointed at the headline, winked, and said, "Yeah mate, we got her."

Pure comedy.

At the end of the day, the police, the media—they all played their games. And we played ours. But trust me, one day, I will stroll up to the East London Mosque on a Friday, just for the hell of it. Maybe livestream it too. Stay tuned.

So basically, if there were more than three people, the cops could shut us down, but since it was just me and Kev, they couldn't do jack. Then this local imam starts flexing, telling the police not to let us into Tower Hamlets. I straight-up asked the officer, "Who do you work for? This dude or the British public?"

Fast forward to the day—we had a police escort, but also a bunch of crusty UAF weirdos trying to start beef. They're like flies on trash, completely useless. And get this—the police literally let one of them walk up and punch Kev. It's all online, just search "Tommy Robinson Charity Walk" on YouTube if you think I'm chatting rubbish.

My guess? The cops expected us to react so they could swoop in and arrest us. But we were ahead of them—we already decided we weren't gonna bite, no matter what. Taking a hit was nothing new for us if it meant exposing the bigger issue.

I was fuming, demanding they arrest the guy who just decked Kev. Did they? Of course not. Instead, they stopped us and this senior officer—a woman—told us we were under arrest for "obstructing police in the course of their duty." I kept asking, how exactly? She just stood there, earpiece in, clearly getting orders from higher up, and refused to answer. We didn't react, their little setup failed, so they just arrested us anyway.

I don't even think we had stepped into Tower Hamlets, but whatever. I told her, fine, we'd go wherever she wanted. Yes ma'am, no ma'am, three bags full ma'am. Didn't matter—they still slapped the cuffs on us. No way was she making any decisions herself. So off to the cells we went. Again.

At the station, they hit me with bail conditions banning me from Tower Hamlets. But to accept bail, you have to agree to the terms—so I told them to shove it and dared them to remand me. They clearly weren't ready for that response, and it threw them off. Next thing, I'm in court, where the judge—big respect to her—absolutely lost it at the police.

"I'm not limiting this man's freedoms," she said. Case dismissed.

Still, the CPS (who are meant to be independent of the police) dragged me back to court three more times before it finally got thrown out. And honestly? I still feel like making a little trip to the East London Mosque after Friday prayers. Just for fun.

THE TIME THE MEDIA SAID I KIDNAPPED TULISA

So after the judge ruled I couldn't be banned from Tower Hamlets, we decided to go back, bigger than ever. But surprise, surprise—the Home Secretary stepped in with a fresh ban. They boxed us in near Aldgate East tube station.

We hit up the High Court the night before to challenge it. Their excuse? The police couldn't control the "reaction of the local community." We argued that under European law, you can't strip someone's rights just because of how others might react. Even the Met commissioner admitted they weren't

worried about policing us—they were scared of how Tower Hamlets' Muslim population would respond. So we hit them with the real question: Who's running Tower Hamlets—the Met or the imam of the East London Mosque?

Court still sided with the police and Home Secretary. And, of course, they wanted the EDL to pay the police's costs—but not just the group. No, they wanted me personally to cough up £7,000. The judge agreed. I had 28 days to pay.

Despite all that, the demo itself was unreal. Over 2,000 of us marched across Tower Bridge, filling it end to end. Epic sight, proper moment of pride.

When we got to the demo spot, the cops started messing around. They asked me to move the crowd—so I did—but then I clocked what they were up to. They'd already started our 30-minute countdown. Me and Kev gave our speeches, and we were about to introduce a military vet when the police came over like, "You're running out of time." I called their bluff, told them to pull the plug on our PA system themselves if they wanted to make fools of themselves. But our soldier was going to speak, and he did.

We ended up going six minutes over—entirely because of police delays. I wrapped it up by telling the crowd, "People expected trouble, but you've done yourselves proud. Head out the same way you came."

Then the cops pulled another stunt. They asked me to help calm down some rowdy supporters. I turned a corner, and BOOM—about 10 of them tackled me, threw me to the ground, cuffed me, and chucked me in a van. Meanwhile, a bunch of UAF muppets were full-on fighting the police and even threw a petrol bomb. But nah, apparently I was the real problem.

Back to the cells, more bail conditions, same old story. So I was like, "Fine, if I can't enter Tower Hamlets, I'll just walk around it." And that's exactly what we did—28 miles of pub crawling, cops trailing us the whole way. These unfit officers had to swap shifts every hour just to keep up. Kev even joked in one pub, "Pssst, don't look now, but are we being followed?" Absolute comedy.

Then came the "kidnapping" drama.

After the Aldgate demo, I stopped in a layby with Mike, a TV producer, to upload footage. I was mid-sentence in front of some posh house when a

scrawny little bloke ran out, all panicked. Before we knew it, loads of cop cars rocked up.

I was like, Is it just me, or what's the emergency this time?

They said they were searching our car for "burglary equipment." Mate, I'm literally with a TV producer, filming a documentary. But no, they were committed to the bit.

Then one cop got cocky, trying to book me for "leaving my car unattended with the keys in the ignition." So we walked up to all the police cars. Guess what? Every single one had the keys in the ignition.

"Are you nicking your lot as well?" I asked.

Two weeks later, I was in Liverpool when my phone blew up—headlines everywhere: "EDL Boss in Tulisa Kidnap Probe." Turns out, the house we filmed outside belonged to Tulisa (yeah, the X Factor judge). The panicked little guy? Her PA. I mean, you couldn't make this stuff up.

I even tweeted Bedfordshire police a pic of me pointing at my car boot, joking they should come get her.

THE FINAL STRAW WITH THE EDL

Leaving the EDL was a mix of things. It wasn't just the police, prison, or financial struggles—it was the internal drama. While the majority were solid, some regional organisers started doing their own thing, and the group was attracting more extreme elements.

Me and Kev were getting wrecked financially. Every march, every protest, every time we got arrested—there was always a price to pay. And we weren't exactly employable anymore. Bills were stacking up, and when I got locked up for my U.S. trip, Kev took the brunt of it.

The EDL wasn't what it used to be. Some of the new lot didn't have a clue what running it actually meant. Meanwhile, Kev—who had risked everything—was getting heat from people who didn't even know the half of it.

And my family? I'd put them through hell. I used to think that if something

happened to me, the movement would take care of them. But sitting in solitary, I realized—if I died, they'd have nothing. Everything I had was frozen, and we couldn't even afford rent.

So yeah, I walked away. Time to move on.

I called my wife from pisom once during that whole passport mess, and she was straight-up bawling. We'd already had issues at the last three places we lived, and honestly, she was at her breaking point. Can't blame her. When armed police roll up, lock down your street, and raid your house looking for stuff that doesn't even exist—just to mess with you—it kinda ruins the neighborhood vibe. We'd just moved again, got the kids settled in a new school, trying to piece together something normal. And there I was, back behind bars, and she was flat broke.

Sitting in my cell, I was spiraling. If she couldn't get the money, she'd have to go begging to the council, and knowing them, they'd probably shove her and the kids into some tiny, grimy bedsit in a random area. You think they wouldn't do that? You clearly don't know how petty these people are.

I was down bad, feeling betrayed—by everyone, by everything. But also? I felt like the biggest idiot. I'd gotten so caught up in everything, so obsessed with the whole thing, and in the process, I'd been selfish as hell. Looking back, I'd totally hit a wall.

My four weeks in solitary turned into five months. Lost two stone, had abscesses on my face—looked and felt like absolute trash. Then came the whole firestorm after the Lee Rigby murder, but after that? Nothing changed. Nothing was changing.

I started checking in on what was happening with the EDL and saw these cringe "White Pride" weirdos creeping in. I'd fought so hard to keep them out, but there they were, turning up at a Manchester demo, waving their dumb flags. I was just like… seriously? This is what I'm dealing with now?

That's when it hit me: if I wanted to keep running the EDL, I'd have to fight a whole new war—not just against the usual enemies, but against people who were supposed to be on our side. And honestly? I was exhausted. I couldn't tell who was a friend, who was fake, and who was just waiting to stab me in the back. Even when I managed to kick these people out, they'd just go off

and form their own little cults. If you saw the Angry, White, and Proud doc in 2015, you saw some of the clowns I got rid of. And now, suddenly, I was their enemy? Make it make sense.

I'd already gone head-to-head with the North East, North West, and Yorkshire Infidels, the South East Alliance—kicked them all out. But it never ended. Constant power struggles. And I was just done. Too many battles, too much drama, and the cherry on top? I was wrecking my own life in the process.

Before those 22 weeks in solitary, I'd been living in some fake, hyped-up fantasy. Drinking, doing drugs, acting like some wannabe gangster when really? I was just a loser. A total failure. Rubbish husband, even worse dad. Looking back at myself in 2013, I didn't even recognize the guy who'd started the EDL. I was an absolute mess.

I don't know if it crept up on me or if getting hyped up by massive crowds just went to my head. Maybe 'Tommy Robinson' became more of a character than an actual person. Either way, I didn't see how far gone I was until I stepped back. Five months in jail—no alcohol, no drugs, nothing—was like hitting the reset button.

I still had all this weight on me—stress over the mortgage case, everything catching up to me. Before that stint in solitary, I was a ticking time bomb. Looking back, did I have a death wish? Probably. I thought about it a lot. It was like living with a terminal illness—I'd convinced myself I was gonna die sooner or later, so I might as well go out swinging.

That's how I ended up walking into the snooker club in Luton where all the Muslim gangs hung out. I'd go in there, grab a beer, stare them down like, "What the fuck are you gonna do about it?" I was off my head.

And here's the dumbest part: I actually believed that if I got killed, it would spark some kind of revolution. That people would finally wake up, fight back, take a stand. But the way the country reacted to Lee Rigby? That fantasy got shattered real quick.

If I took a bullet or a blade, no one would be mourning me—there'd probably be more people celebrating. That was the cold, hard reality. I had good mates like Tom Stoker and John English who actually cared, who were genuinely worried about me. But was I a good mate back? Nah, probably not.

And then there was my mum. I couldn't get her out of my head. She was sick, and I was convinced she wasn't gonna make it. The thought of her spending her last days stressing over my chaos? That wrecked me.

Kev had it rough too while I was inside. Because we were so high profile, he lost most of his work. Not because he wasn't good at what he did, not because people didn't like him—just because he was too much trouble to be around. Too risky. Too controversial.

Were we blacklisted? Probably. Every way they could squeeze us, they did.

I told Kev, "I'm done, mate. I need to focus on my family." And he just looked at me and said, "I'm right by your side, bruv."

And it wasn't just us. Other people were getting disillusioned too. After we left, a bunch of them formed 'Team Tommy' to keep me in the loop, even while I was in prison.

People like Ivan Humble, Tim Ablitt, Kieran Hallett, Glen Saffer, Stewart Austin, Tony Lancs, and of course, Helen Gower—the real ones, the ones who always had my back

CHAPTER 17: QUILLIAM

Usama Hasan is a big brain in Islamic studies, linked up with the Quilliam Foundation. If you were around in 2013, you probably saw a bunch of headlines about how Quilliam 'converted' me when I bailed from the EDL. Honestly? I laughed. Hard. But Usama? Solid dude. Still rate him.

My whole Quilliam era kicked off thanks to When Tommy Met Mo, a Channel 4 doc. Some Scottish chick from Mentorn hit me up while I was fresh out of prison (passport case, long story). I told her I was done with EDL. Then boom—Lee Rigby got murdered, and everything flipped. I called her back.

Enter Mo Ansar—a media-friendly Muslim with lefty credentials. Someone thought it'd be hilarious to throw us together. Dude was circling Quilliam back then, but he played it safe. Producers wanted me to show him the real Luton, introduce him to families torn apart by grooming gangs. He refused.

Wouldn't come out at night. Wouldn't step foot in a pub to meet EDL lads—even just to talk. Everything had to revolve around Mo and his religious script. Zero compromise.

And get this—after the Breivik massacre in Norway, Mo legit wrote to the government asking for the EDL to be banned. The official response? "Can't outlaw them, but we're keeping tabs." Looking back, I really should've clocked how deep the state was invested in making me Public Enemy #1.

Mo was a walking caricature. Day-to-day? Suit and tie. Camera rolls? Full-on robes, skullcap, holier-than-thou energy. Peak cosplay. Zero authenticity. And if this was supposed to change my mind? Lol. Hard pass.

But hey, it did introduce me to Usama and historian Tom Holland. Usama had my back when I clashed with Mohammed Shafiq of the Ramadhan Foundation over some uncomfortable truths in the Quran. Shafiq denied everything. Usama? Kept it real. Later, he shook my hand and told me to keep doing what I was doing. Said I had more support in the Muslim community than I realized—just don't go after the Prophet.

Usama was all about challenging the ultra-conservative Wahhabi/Salafi crew. For that, four London imams literally put out a death order on him. That's when I really started digging into Quilliam. By the end of the doc filming, I'd made my decision—I was out of the EDL.

Then I met Maajid Nawaz—Quilliam's head honcho. Dude was running as a Lib Dem MP, but even he didn't want to be seen sitting with me. Still, he dangled a future—if I ever left EDL, maybe we could work together. Sounded… interesting.

I won't lie, my motivations were messy. Quilliam needed a PR win. I needed options. And let's be real—public funding thrives on results, and I was one hell of a headline. Meanwhile, I had bigger personal problems—mum's health, a mortgage case hanging over me, possibly another prison stint. Survival mode was ON.

So we met up—me, Dev, Quilliam reps. Kev Carroll (EDL co-founder) wasn't sold on it, but I laid it all out: I was probably heading inside, EDL had zero resources to help, and Quilliam was offering support. Kev bailed from EDL, sat down with them. The deal? While I was locked up, they'd cover my

wife's rent and basics. In return, I'd be their 'reformed extremist' poster boy.

Except… yeah. It didn't go smoothly. They cut the monthly allowance in half two months in—"funding issues," they said. Dev lost his shit. I rolled with it. Ended up only doing six months inside instead of the expected 3-5 years. Small mercies.

THE BIG PICTURE? QUILLIAIM = LADS WHO MEAN WELL, SYSTEM THAT'S BROKEN

Usama? Genuinely great guy. But his existence in the Muslim world? Hanging by a thread. Death threats just for promoting moderation. That's the real issue—it's not about the rare good guys like Usama, it's about the extremists calling the shots.

You can't reason with these people. You can bribe them. But hearts and minds? Nah. Not happening. Best case? They pretend to be on your side for tactical reasons. Worst case? You get played. Either way, you're getting finessed.

Politicians eat up the illusion that Islam in the UK is mostly moderate. "It's just a few bad apples!" Except… nah. Usama once broke it down for us:

Most people assume it's 90% moderates, 10% extremists. But in reality? More like 90% lowkey backing a sharia state, 10% wanting a secular UK. That's a problem. A huge one. But the government? Funding the illusion that reformers like Quilliam are making a dent.

I mean, look at Sayeeda Warsi. No election wins, but still a Baroness. Token Muslim, given a seat at the table. First, she talks tough on extremism to impress David Cameron. Then, she flips and starts blaming Britain for everything when she needs street cred. Zero loyalty, all self-interest.

And Quilliam? They need to keep government funding flowing, so they play ball with the establishment. Maajid even set me up with his rich friend Iqbal Wahhab (big London restaurant owner, establishment guy). They pitched me on the Forgiveness Project. Cheeky bastards. I told them I wasn't the one needing forgiveness.

THE TWITTER DRAMA & THE FINAL STRAW

Quilliam kept trying to get me to drop connections with Pamela Geller and Robert Spencer. Why? Because those two are big names in the US, and their bluntness makes Quilliam look soft.

Then came the real agenda—they wanted me to tone down my Twitter. But when I asked for specific tweets that were problematic, they had nothing. Just vibes. They needed me to be their 'reformed' Tommy Robinson, but they also needed me to shut up about inconvenient truths.

By the time I got off licence, I knew I wasn't staying with them. The more I saw, the clearer it became—Quilliam wasn't moving the needle. They were just appeasing the system.

FINAL THOUGHTS?

I don't regret working with Quilliam—I had to survive. And some of them, like Usama, genuinely want change. But real talk? They have no influence where it actually matters. Reformist Muslims don't get converts. Radicals do.

And Britain? Still in denial. Still spending cash trying to 'rehabilitate' ISIS returnees instead of protecting its own people. Every day, I see the gap widening. The street reality vs. the politician fantasy.

Maybe one day, people will wake up. But by then? It might just be too late.
So, Quilliam might have started with good intentions, but let's be real—it has almost zero influence in the Muslim community. And honestly, that's because of the people running it.

Take Maajid Nawaz, for example. When he went head-to-head with Anjem Choudary on Newsnight with Jeremy Paxman, it was chaos. Maajid kept pushing Anjem, basically forcing him to admit that, in his view, Maajid was an apostate—someone who had turned away from Islam and, according to extremists, should be executed. It got to a point where Anjem just smirked and said, "You know the answer to that." Translation? Yeah, he'd have him killed.

Now, imagine if I said something even close to that. I'd be arrested before I could blink. But for some reason, Anjem Choudary can say whatever he wants on national TV. The whole thing just proved one thing: Maajid isn't exactly winning over extremist Muslims. In fact, they straight-up want him

gone.

And let's talk about these government-funded "anti-extremism" groups. Half of them just end up throwing money at the same people causing the problems. Case in point: I met a guy who went on a "race awareness" course, only to find out the trainer was Abdul Qadeer Baksh—someone who believes apostates and gay people should be executed. And yet, this guy was teaching the police about Islam. You can't make this stuff up. A Jewish woman at the event pointed out rising antisemitism among Muslims, and Baksh just dismissed her, telling her she didn't know what she was talking about. Like, really?

This is the same pattern over and over. In 2012, Luton's politicians thought it'd be a great idea to open a Discover Islam centre. The guy running it, Yusuf Bonner, was a hardcore Islamist convert—his sixth religion, by the way. He literally described Christianity as a "suicide belt of wrongful belief" that needed to be "deactivated." And yet, the local council thought he was the right guy to lead this initiative. Spoiler: He resigned before the place even opened because I exposed him. But guess what? The centre is still there, still pushing its agenda.

The government is funding this nonsense. Haras Fariq, another guy from Quilliam, once went to a government task force meeting and came back saying 70% of the people there were exactly the extremists they were supposed to be tackling. Even Baroness Warsi's so-called "modern Islam" task force was packed with Salafists who only cared about pushing their own agenda. Haras saw the mess and walked away.

So what's the future of Quilliam? Honestly, I don't see it lasting. They'll keep running until whoever's funding them realizes they're pouring money into a black hole. Maajid Nawaz once told me he had some kind of "four-year plan" and wanted me involved. But let's be honest—Quilliam's biggest "win" was claiming credit for me leaving the EDL. They wanted me as a poster boy, and for a while, it worked. But I don't do fake.

And just because I left the EDL doesn't mean my problems magically disappeared. I still had extremists who wanted me dead. On top of that, in early 2014, the police hit me with a mortgage fraud case, and when that didn't stick, they threatened to go after my wife. She had been on bail since 2010 for something she knew nothing about. She broke down in tears when

she found out.

Then, out of nowhere, the police showed up at 3 AM, making a scene over an Al-Shabaab death threat. The pressure was on from every angle.

CHAPTER 18: THE METROPOLITAN INTELLIGENCE BUREAU

Alright, so I'm guessing you've never heard of the MIB. And nah, I'm not talking about the Men in Black movies—no Will Smith, no cool sunglasses, no memory-erasing gadgets. These guys called themselves the Metropolitan Intelligence Bureau, but honestly, they could've been cops, MI5, or even some off-brand FBI/CIA/KGB knockoff. All I knew was, they had mad reach—like, they knew what was happening to me before I even did. Creepy, right?

I've already told you about how the police play their little power games—arrest, detain, harass, intimidate, basically make your life hell, just because they can. You'd think that once they've broken you down, once you've thrown your hands up like, "Alright, I'm done, I'm out," they'd back off.

Nope. Not how this game works.

It all started when these two random guys rolled up on me in Winchester Prison. I'd just been sent to HMP Woodhill, a high-security A-Cat prison, even though my offense was white-collar. Made zero sense.

Not long after I got there, this massive bearded guy—a convert, by the looks of it—absolutely lost it just being in the same room as me. Next day, I had a legal visit with my solicitor, Rhiannon. People were already side-eyeing my placement in a high-security prison, emailing the governor, basically saying, "What the hell is he doing here?"

After the visit, I got shoved into this holding room. Big windows, a few prisoners chilling—but three of them? Bearded Muslims. Including Beardy McRageface from earlier.

I already knew what was about to go down.

The guards locked me in and dipped like it was none of their business. I

stayed standing, back to the corner, chin down, eyes up—street smarts 101.

And then boom. Dude charges me.

I grab him with one hand—I can't afford to hit the floor—and start swinging with the other. Two more jump in. The rest? Just watching. But I get it. Getting involved would've been a death sentence in that place.

By the time the guards finally decided to care, my teeth were gone, my skull was split, my eye was swollen shut—but hey, still breathing. Lucky me.

Did they take me to the hospital? Nah. Straight to my cell.

A few days later, I got moved to Winchester—a way better prison where I could do "normal" time. I was healing up when these two mystery blokes came knocking.

They claimed they were from the Metropolitan Intelligence Bureau—MIB. Never heard of it. They told me it was a secret Scotland Yard unit dealing with organized crime. Super hush-hush. They said even the other prisoners, my family—no one had to know they came.

Okay… suspicious much?

After they left, I realized there were about a dozen questions I should've asked. I checked with my solicitor, even asked around, but nobody knew a thing about this so-called MIB.

I still have their numbers. Just tried calling one, and—surprise, surprise—dead line. The other? Weird voicemail setup. No answer.

At the time, one guy, Olly, did most of the talking. He said they were curious about me. Wanted to know why I'd left the EDL. They were surprised no one had approached me before—whatever the hell that meant.

Then they hit me with their real reason for being there.

They wanted my help. They were all about infiltrating the far-right scene, especially Paul Golding and Britain First. They wanted to get a grip on these messy, fragmented groups. And apparently, they thought I was the guy to

do it.

They basically wanted me to be their inside man.

I told them, nah, I was done. Time to move on. Work, life, family—the usual.

They didn't like that answer.

"We need your help dealing with 'troublesome people,'" they said.

Oh, I get it. You don't want help. You want a snitch.

Can you believe the audacity?

These guys had spent five years wrecking my life, dragging my family through hell, and now they wanted me to switch sides?

The meeting lasted two hours. They even dangled money in front of me.

I laughed in their faces.

I hit them with something like, "You've spent years trying to take me down, and now you want my help? Yeah, right." Told them I was done, walking away, end of story.

Except it wasn't.

Round Two: Highway Shakedown

I was out on licence for about six weeks when I got pulled over on the M1 in South Yorkshire.

Not one, not two, but THREE police cars.

What for?

No clue.

I was driving a blue Audi, registered to a dealer mate of mine. But the cops told me it was "linked to a burglary 70 miles away."

Bruh.

Even the guy I was meeting called later, like, "Yo, the police just grilled me about you." I swear, if I went to buy a pack of toilet paper, the cops would be on me like, "Was that luxury or budget?"

They took me in at 2 PM, held me until past midnight, then suddenly drove me all the way to Humberside.

Why?

Still no clue.

Then they pulled some next-level Cinderella shit—their "witness" said the burglars were a black guy and a 6'1 blonde dude.

I just burst out laughing.

Like, c'mon. I'm 5'6. And last I checked, I'm not a black guy.

The cop actually tried to stretch my height. Like, "You're 5'10, right?"

Mate. I wish.

They kept me overnight, humiliated me with strip searches, tried to drug test me.

And then, suddenly… they dropped the case.

It was all just a setup. Again.

Round Three: The "We Can Help" Trap

The very next day, I got a mystery call.

Guess who?

Olly. Again.

"We can make your problems disappear," he said. "You're in deep. Let us help."

These slimy bastards had arranged the whole thing.

I told him where to go. Again.

But they weren't done.

Next, they sent random "mediators" to my house.

Some man and woman showed up out of nowhere, claiming to help people who don't wanna snitch but still need "support."

Yeah, right.

I asked who was paying them. They dodged the question.

I told them to get lost.

Then, right on cue, I got hit with a £315,000 Proceeds of Crime claim.

Even though I had a deal saying there wouldn't be one.

The judge actually called bullshit on the whole thing but still hit me with £125,000.

And guess what? MIB called. Again.

"We can make that go away."

All I had to do? Sell my soul.

But nah. I told them, "I'll pay my debts, and you lot can f*ck right off."

They thought they could break me.

They thought they could own me.

They were wrong.

So, this all went down on the Friday before I was supposed to speak at the Oxford Union the next Thursday.

One of the biggest Ls about being hit with a white-collar charge was that my probation terms said I couldn't have any contact with the EDL. Like… what? Make it make sense.

I'd already told Sue Beaumont I was gonna spill the tea at Oxford—give those students the full download on the MIB, the Doncaster stunt, the financial harassment, all of it. Looking back, telling my probation officer was probably a dumb move, let alone letting her know I was about to air it all out in front of the Oxford Union. But honestly? I was lowkey worried about what these people were gonna pull next.

They'd been on my neck non-stop, and I felt like someone needed to hear what was going down. I stupidly thought I could trust Sue.

Not even sure how much of what I told her she actually believed. I mean, she's part of the system, so she probs has blind faith in how it all "works." But even she admitted what was happening to me was straight-up sabotage. And get this—she had the audacity to ask me to stop dragging the police and "move on." Like, excuse me?? As if I was the problem here.

She claimed she'd hit up Bedfordshire police and try to get them to back off, like this was just some random officer with a grudge. Spoiler alert: That was not the case.

Then they went after my old mate in London just 'cause we did some business together. Pressured the guy who bought my sunbeds. Even raided my boy in Daventry for tax and VAT—dude was clean as a whistle. But get this—some cop was gassing himself up, bragging about how they had my mate's garage under surveillance, saying it was linked to "dangerous people." Couldn't keep his mouth shut. Luckily, I got a heads-up and warned my guy. When the cops rolled up, his books were tidy, and they looked real dumb.

But Sue? Nah. She still believed everything was done "by the book." Should've clocked that earlier—her left-wing vibes were showing. Whenever she came over for probation visits, we never touched on the mortgage case, which you'd think would be, like, the entire point of my "rehabilitation." Nah, she'd rather

debate my views on Islam. She'd get all pressed 'cause I said Mohammed was a paedo.

I told her, "Bro, he married a six-year-old and had sex with her at nine. That's not even me saying it—that's just history." She got mad and was like, "But young Muslim girls are groomed too." And I'm like, "Not by white men, they're not." Awkward.

Honestly, I should've known better than to trust her.

So, fast forward. Friday mortgage case hearing happens. Saturday morning, I take my kids swimming. We get home, and boom—cops are at my door. Apparently, I'd "breached my licence." Not only was I not going to Oxford Union—I was going back to jail.

Social Media & Free Speech? A Joke.

I said it at the start—I've spent way too much time on Twitter. Still do. Part of it is me just being pissed at the system. Part of it? I literally have nothing else to do 'cause the state froze my assets and made sure I couldn't earn.

But Twitter also taught me something: free speech is a myth.

I was first invited to speak at Oxford in 2013, but when news broke, people like UAF flooded the uni with threats, and they canceled me. Same thing happened with Trinity University in Dublin. But then some Oxford students caught wind of my comments calling them out for rolling over, and in 2014, they invited me back. Props to them for standing their ground—unlike some bigger orgs that straight-up folded.

Even BBC Newsnight and ITV Daybreak pulled the same stunt—invited me on, then ghosted when they got flooded with backlash. It was obvious—someone higher up went, "Nah, too much heat."

So, now? I play it smart. I don't tweet about media invites until I'm actually in the chair.

THE THREATS, THE SETUP & THE L

A few days before I got recalled to jail, some Nazi weirdo with the handle 1488Hitler was in my mentions, threatening to rape my mum and kill me.

Then, some absolute clown named Barry Butler from Birmingham tweets out my mum's address.

Nah. Not happening.

I clapped back at 1488Hitler and told him, "If you want me that bad, pull up. I'll be outside Bedford probation office tomorrow at 11." No way was he finding my mum.

Meanwhile, we tracked down an address for this Barry Butler guy. I rolled up, banged on the door, ready to go off. Guy comes out looking confused. Turns out? Wrong Barry Butler. My bad.

We found the actual Barry Butler a few miles away. His wife took one look at me and slammed the door. Dude wouldn't come out, so I was yelling outside his house. That got the neighbors' attention. Then, sirens.

When Butler finally stepped out, he was an old bloke—a thalidomide. I straight-up asked, "What the hell do you think you're doing posting my mum's address? You want her raped? Killed?" The police showed up and asked what I was doing. Told them I was there 'cause they wouldn't do their damn job. Eventually, Butler deleted the tweet.

Funny thing—Bedfordshire Police had already warned me: if I ever retweeted threats against me, I could be arrested. They wouldn't do jack about the actual threats, but if I amplified them? Illegal. Make that make sense.

So, naturally, I kept putting the threats out there, just to ask why I was the one getting in trouble while the psychos sending them got a free pass.
The Setup

Sue Beaumont called me a few weeks before, asking what I planned to say at Oxford and when. The whole convo felt sus—like other people were listening in. But, probation rules. I had to spill. And I did.

Dumb. So dumb.

That little rant cost me a month in jail and probably another state-sponsored attempt on my life. What a joke.

The morning after the whole 1488Hitler/Barry Butler mess, I went to my probation appointment. Obviously, the guy never showed. They never do.

Weird thing—Sue didn't ask about my speech this time. Just wanted to know the date. Makes sense now. She knew I wouldn't be going.

Later, I spoke to Helen Bean, another probation officer. She was always cool with me. But then she hit me with, "Why'd you tell someone on Twitter you'd be at probation today?"

Oh. So they were watching.

I explained about the threats, but then I flipped the question: "How do you know about my tweet?"

She admitted the police had been in touch.

Cool, so they saw the threats. Perfect. That meant if this psycho actually showed up, they'd arrest him, right? Right??

Nope. Of course not.

They told me I should've reported it instead. Even though I'd already reported hundreds of threats over the years—with zero action.

The Arrest

Saturday morning. Two guys sitting outside my house in a car. Didn't know who they were. I grabbed a knife—because who even knew at this point?

Knock at the door. They pass their badges through the letterbox. Cops. They were actually chill, said they didn't want to do this. Sent my kids upstairs.

Turns out, I was being arrested over that one tweet saying I'd be outside probation.

And here's the kicker—the warrant was for St Albans Crown Court, where I'd literally been the day before. So why didn't they grab me then?

Oh, right. 'Cause I had a film crew with me, and they didn't want to look like idiots on camera. So they waited until the next morning—to do it in front of

my wife and kids instead.

Sue Beaumont? Ice cold. Didn't care.

And just like that—I was back in jail.

"Stephen, we'll come visit you," she said. Lol, sure.

I told the cops to take me to Winchester, where I'd done my last stint without drama, and they were cool with it. Then they called Sue Beaumont. She was like, "Nah, you're off to Bedford."

I was wrecked. The cops took me away, my kids were there, and I'd promised them daddy wasn't "working away" again. Felt like absolute trash. Couldn't stop crying after.

Later in prison, I read some guy had dropped a racial slur about a Northampton footballer on Twitter and—boom—arrested instantly. Meanwhile, Mo Ansar tweets all sorts of wild stuff and gets off scot-free. Double standards? Understatement of the century.

I told one of the officers, "Just arrest one of these trolls, and the rest will chill." But no, they let people say whatever they wanted about me, my wife, my kids, even my mom.

One Scottish dude straight-up said he was gonna behead me. I reported it. He saw that, laughed, and said, "The police fucking hate you."

Hard to argue with that.

WEEKEND LOCKUP

Since it was the weekend, they held me at Kempston Police HQ until Monday, then shipped me off to Bedford. I told them, "You know what's gonna happen. Why are you doing this?" They couldn't even look at me.

I saw it playing out in real-time: throw me into a war zone, let things pop off, and bam—I catch another charge. Total setup. No more licence, nine more months inside.

I'd left the EDL and was actively trying to avoid drama, but trouble found me anyway. Back in the day, I had a rule: run once, you run forever. But I was trying to grow. Trying. And yet, here we are.

At Bedford, I clocked the main officer at reception—his brother and I used to hang out. He pulled me aside and said, "I'll do what I can, but mate, you're in deep. It's bad in there."

He checked the wing stats—how many Muslims, what kind of sentences they had. If they were in for six months, they wouldn't risk killing me. But the lifers? Nothing to lose.

He went through the list: "Lifer here, lifer there…" I thought, Jesus, I'm here on a 28-day recall, and this is what I'm dealing with?

I asked for solitary for the 28 days, but nah—they wanted me in general pop, surrounded by people who literally wanted me dead. Offered me a spot with the nonces. Not happening.

I requested B Wing, where I had some mates. It got sent up to the governor. I even wrote a full-on essay to him, laying out the threats, my past attacks, all my Osman warnings. Made it crystal clear: If I get put in general pop, I WILL have to fight to survive.

WELCOME TO A WING—AKA HELL

The governor's response? "You're going to A Wing."

Guess where all the most hardcore, violent radicals were? Ding ding—A Wing!

Even the officer at reception apologized. Orders from above. Nothing he could do.

I asked him, "You know what's about to go down, yeah?"

Got my confirmation signature, then boom—I was in the middle of it.

They walked me onto the wing at 11:50 AM. As soon as they clocked me, a roar went up.

I sat in my cell, hearing the threats. "We're gonna do him!" Someone screamed, "I'm gonna chop his head off!"

Been there, heard that, but this time? They set me up to fail.

So what do you do? Curl up in a ball? Cry? Beg? Nah. You get ready.

Lunchtime rolled around, so I walked to the canteen on my toes, fully alert.

The problem? You don't know who's who anymore. Muslims in prison aren't just Asian—it's a gang thing. Anyone and everyone could be repping.

I clocked an old mate, Dion Ellis, at the servery. Knew his fam. He'd converted. Wasn't worried about him. Then some white guy, McDonald, turned around and snarled, "I'm fucking Muslim, bruv."

Oh, here we go.

It popped off. We scrapped across the servery, and I battered him.

I hadn't even been inside for an hour, but I knew it had to happen. They were plotting to rush me in my cell, so I took control. If it was going down, it was going down on MY terms.

After, the guards dragged me out. I yelled at them, "What the fuck did you expect?!"

Locked in my cell, I kept arguing through the window. "Cowards! Fucking cowards!" They screamed back, "We'll get you!"

Meanwhile, other prisoners walked past giving me thumbs-ups when the radicals weren't looking. Quiet support. Everyone was scared to speak up.

DOWN TO SOLITARY—FINALLY

The prison realized they had a riot brewing and finally moved me to solitary "for my own safety."

I called the governor out. "Oh NOW it's for my safety? Why not three hours

ago?"

We both knew the answer. They wanted me dead.

Spent two days down there. The guys in the cells next to me were proper nuts. One guy, Johnny, was in solitary for wrecking a courtroom cell. Next to him? Ryan O'Leary—another mad one.

Then guess who they threw into the cell next to me? McDonald, the white Muslim I'd just fought.

Now he was nervous.

Started asking, "We good?"

Realized we knew the same people. Oh NOW he wants to chat.

After all that? They finally moved me to Winchester. The governor there? Top bloke. Actually let me ride out my 28 days in peace.

off a stunt where I'd put up cartoons of the Prophet Mohammed across the country and—get this—"start a civil war." The imagination on these people, I swear.

That said, it was probably common knowledge that I was meant to show up at the House of Lords on July 23rd. But, as always, some genius out there took two and two and somehow got 99.

Anyway, I just had one last thing to do—wait for July 22nd. That was my day. Freedom day.

Except… it wasn't. July 22nd, 2015, came and went, and guess what? I was still stuck inside HMP Peterborough, locked in a concrete cell, doing absolutely nothing. Then the police showed up, acting like they had good news. Supposedly, I wouldn't be "gate arrested" over some fight in the wing when I got out. In case you don't know, that's when you get released from prison, do a nice little 180 at the door, and instantly get locked up again for something else.

The cop talking to me looked all kinds of uncomfortable. Super awkward.

He asked what I was planning to do once I was off licence. I just looked at him like, "Why do you care?" I told him I was going home to my family. But nah, he wasn't done. He kept pressing, "Yeah, but what are your plans? Going back to the EDL or what?" Ah, so that's what this was really about. They were bricking it over what I might do next.

I told him straight: "I'm going home, mate. That's it."

Then, another prison governor came in, this one Scottish, seemed alright. He asked how many people were meeting me when I got out. I told him: "Just my dad." You could tell they were expecting some kind of EDL army outside, ready to carry me off like I was Julius Caesar. But nah, just me and my old man.

Except—plot twist—I didn't get out on the 22nd. No explanation, no nothing. I know what you're thinking: Surely they told you why? Nope. Not a word. They just kept me inside. Apparently, different rules apply to me.

Finally, they let me out on July 24th—the day after I was supposed to meet a high-profile House of Lords member to talk about my next steps. Coincidence? Yeah, right.

And even though I was technically "free," I didn't feel free. Not yet. Probably won't for a long time.

Anyway, I walked out, saw my dad—no smug cops waiting with their usual sarcastic "Surprise, surprise!" comment. We just got in the car and went home to my wife and kids.

Finally.

CHAPTER 20: RADICALISED

If there's one thing I've learned from spending time in Her Majesty's finest penal institutions, it's this: the prison system has a major problem with Islamic radicalisation.

It varies depending on where you are—like, Winchester prison down on the south coast is a whole different vibe compared to places like London,

Birmingham, Luton, Bradford, or Manchester. Different cities, different criminal demographics. But one thing's consistent: the influence of radical Islam in UK jails is crazy.

HMP Woodhill in Milton Keynes? Easily the worst I saw. Category A lifer prisons always have it worse. The same Muslim gang that tried to bomb the EDL rally in 2012? Yeah, they were working in the prison servery. The big dog in general population? None other than Kamel Bourgass—the terrorist who murdered PC Stephen Oake in 2004.

And before you assume it's happening in the prison mosques, it's not. The real radicalisation goes down in the cells, behind closed doors. You'll step out of your cell and see a line of shoes outside another inmate's door—boom, makeshift mosque, daily prayers, full-blown indoctrination. At Wandsworth, they weren't even subtle—straight-up praying in the middle of the wing.

One guy I met in Woodhill, a white dude, hated Muslims with everything in him. But he didn't come in like that. It was the way they ran the wings that flipped him. One time, he was just chilling, listening to music, and a group of them told him to turn it off because it was prayer time. What was he supposed to do? Say no? Nah, that wasn't an option unless you were ready for a fight you couldn't win. These guys had lookouts posted at every stairwell. No guards around, obviously.

And religion might be the front, but don't be fooled—these same "pious" brothers run the real prison economy: drugs, phones, you name it. Some guards are in on it, sure, but a lot of the supply comes in from the outside—tennis balls full of contraband literally lobbed over the walls at pre-planned drop points.

I'll never forget seeing this huge white dude with a massive beard and a Muslim cap at Winchester. Fresh transfer. Then, a few days in, beard gone. He admitted he only converted in Bullingdon for protection. It's a survival tactic.

And food? Bro, don't even get me started. In Bedford and Woodhill, everything was halal—like, even if you're not Muslim, you eat what they eat. At least Winchester gave you an option.

There was this young white lad at Winchester—converted in a different

prison but didn't know anything about Islam. He was a nice enough guy, super close with his grandparents before they passed. I asked him one day, "So, do you think your nan and granddad are burning in hell?" He looked at me like I'd lost my mind. Hadn't even realised that, according to his new faith, that's exactly what he was supposed to believe. Once that sank in, he was back to eating pork pies in no time.

Every prison had incidents, some minor, some insane. Wayland? A bunch of Muslims jumped a Scottish guy—six of them got taken down to the block. And you'd be shocked at how many converts were white or black ex-Christians who turned radical in record time. They didn't even really understand what they were preaching—just repeating extremist garbage louder than anyone else.

At Woodhill, the main guy in the Muslim gang? A big white lad. The same one the guards locked me in a room with after I got my front teeth knocked out. He left that prison a normal guy, got transferred out, then came back a full-blown extremist.

And here's the real question: does anyone in power actually understand what's happening? Do they get how broken the system is? Because from where I was sitting, prison wasn't about rehabilitation—it was a factory for extremists.

Even the prison guards would talk to me about it. Some said it started over a decade ago, when a flood of young offenders got transferred in from Feltham YOI. One week, 60 kids converted to Islam. Sixty. In. A. Week. Because if they didn't? The threats, the intimidation, the physical pressure—it was easier to just switch sides. And once they were in, they got bombarded with messages of hate.

It's not even just about religion. These guys feel like society abandoned them. They come in alone, no friends, no family, no future. Then boom—suddenly, they've got a new "family" inside and outside prison. And these aren't soft kids—they're hardened criminals. Men of violence. Now mix that with radical ideology and tell me what happens when they get released? Exactly.

Let me give you an example—Barry Chin. Mixed-race lad from Luton, part of our crew back in the day. Tough guy. Got locked up for four-and-a-half years after a huge gang brawl with Muslims, ironically.

When Barry came out? Apparently, he was Muslim now. But he was still hanging with us, drinking, doing drugs—didn't exactly scream "devout." Then one day, during a soldiers' homecoming parade, he suddenly starts ranting:

"British soldiers are raping, murdering bastards!"

Gilheaney told him to shut it. I walked off. Couldn't believe what I'd just heard.

Fast forward a bit—EDL had kicked off, UPL demos were happening, and suddenly, attacks started going down in Bury Park. My name was coming up a lot. Turns out, Barry Chin was feeding the local Muslim crew information about me and my mate Keir. Giving them our addresses.

I confronted him, told him that if anything happened to me or my family, he was in the frame. His response?

"I'd kill my own dad for my mosque."

That's the level of brainwashing we're talking about. I haven't spoken to him since.

So, can we do anything about radicalisation in prisons? Probably not. First off, we won't even admit it's a problem. And second? How do you even fix it? Segregate radical Muslims? The system is already overcrowded. You'd have to build entirely new, separate prisons just for them.

Terrorists, radicals—anyone showing extremist leanings should be in isolation. But let's be real, the left-wing lobby would never let that happen. They'd call it "stigmatisation," "discrimination," "inhumane treatment." Next thing you know, we'd be paying out fat compensation cheques because some jihadist's human rights got "violated."

If you think I'm saying we can't win—then yeah, you're spot on. We're just sitting back, letting our own people get targeted and converted by a culture that's actively trying to destroy ours.

And MI5? They admit they're tracking 500 new radicals a year coming out

of UK prisons.

Honestly? That number sounds low.

And just as I'm wrapping this up, a new report drops—says "jizya" (the Muslim tax, basically a protection racket) is rife in Category A prisons. Whole wings being run under sharia law.

But no one's offering solutions. Because no one's ready to face the truth.

CHAPTER 21: WHAT'S NEXT FOR TOMMY?

Big question, right? Even I'm not 100% sure. Do I go back to plumbing? Probably a bit. Another house move? Yep, that's on the cards too. Still renting, btw. And even though the whole mortgage conviction mess is in the past, the cops still love pulling their little stunts. Classic.

Some interesting folks have approached me, thinking they can ride the 'Tommy Robinson' wave for their own gain. But I've learned my lesson—I don't just trust anyone rolling up anymore. Not like I used to.

Everyone knows about my Quilliam connection. No clue where that's headed, if anywhere. Tbh, they'll probably be mad about some of the stuff in this book. Oh well. Not sure if that door's open or shut.

A lot of people say I should keep speaking up about the issues that separate British Muslim communities from the rest of the country. And let's be real—these problems aren't going anywhere. The issues the UPL and EDL talked about back in 2009? Still here. In fact, they're worse. More division. More tension. Can I contribute to the convo? I think so. How and where? That's the part I'm still figuring out.

Speaking of, let me give you an example. Remembrance Sunday 2015. A bar in Luton told some lads to either take off their poppies or leave. Turns out the owner's an Irish republican. No clue if we're related (hope not). So I went down with the boys to have a little "chat." Few hours later? Police were knocking on my door. They don't miss a beat when it comes to me.

Back when we kicked off the EDL, things looked different. Iraq, Syria, Libya

weren't complete chaos. ISIS wasn't running wild, beheading people, burning captives alive. And we didn't have radicalized British teens flocking overseas to join the madness. Now? Our political leaders are still in denial, blaming "the internet" instead of looking deeper.

I used to warn radical Muslims that if they kept pushing, people would turn against them. But now I wonder… would they? Like, seriously, how bad would it have to get? Would terrorists have to assassinate the Queen for people to finally say, "Enough"? Even then, what would we do? Could we even do anything? Not so sure.

Meanwhile, we're sleepwalking into a full-on demographic shift. Muslim birth rates are skyrocketing. Double, triple that of non-Muslim families. They're getting younger, we're getting older. And many of them stay deeply connected to their religious roots, controlled by mosques. Integration? Not happening. Instead, it's neighborhood after neighborhood becoming self-contained, self-governing. Some might even call it… a caliphate.

Check the census from 2001 vs. 2011. Do the math. The trend is real, and it's not slowing down. And the EU? They just threw open the gates to millions more, with even bigger waves waiting to come in. Cultural suicide, anyone?

I'd love to believe that we'll see a more secular, progressive side of Islam. But where's the proof? Everything I see tells me the opposite. The Koran isn't just a holy book—it's the manual for many communities. Reformers who try to modernize it? Labeled apostates. And we all know what happens to them. So how exactly are we supposed to "negotiate" with an ideology that doesn't bend?

Can we stop this radical tide, even in towns like Luton? I don't see the effort. Ban Sharia law? Outlaw the veil? Start actively de-Islamifying these places? That's the only way. Otherwise, we're setting up future generations for disaster.

But instead of standing firm, our politicians are busy playing nice with extremists, hoping they'll be our friends. Spoiler: They won't.

Quick example—Kev ran for Bedfordshire Police & Crime Commissioner. Worked his ass off. Lost to some Labour guy, Olly Martins, who then told EDL supporters to "crawl back under their rocks." That's over 10% of voters

he called trash. And he's in charge of crime? Make it make sense.

Or take Gavin Shuker, our MP. Bumped into him at a takeaway. This guy has trashed me for years—without ever meeting me. So I asked, "You celebrated Mohammed. What do you actually know about him?" His answer? "He's respected by four million British Muslims." Wow. Groundbreaking. So I hit him with some history: "Did you know he beheaded 600 men in one day? Raped his soldier's wife? Tortured a guy for his gold?"

Dude was speechless. Had no clue. Yet he's out here promoting a religion he knows nothing about. That's the problem right there. It's not just radical Islam—it's the clueless politicians giving it a free pass.

Meanwhile, across Europe, nationalist movements are growing. In Holland, Geert Wilders. In France, Marine Le Pen. They might be the ones to actually push back against Islamification. Honestly, I think the fight will start there before it reaches the UK.

Speaking of, I've been hitting the road, attending rallies—Utrecht, Dresden, Prague. Stood with 40,000 people at one event. That's a whole different level. Far more mainstream, middle class. That's the energy we need here. Not just football lads and working-class blokes. We need everyone to stand up.

And don't get me started on the "Islamist" vs. "Islam" debate. That's just a comfort blanket for the West. "Oh, Islam is fine, it's just the 'Islamists' who are bad." Give me a break. It's the same ideology, just a matter of how strictly people follow it.

Look, I've had time to reflect. Spoke at Harrow School, debated at Oxford Union. Even sat down with far-left "Hope Not Hate" guy Nick Lowles—who actually admitted they underestimated radical Islam. Shocker.

But while some doors are opening, others are slamming shut. Durham and Edinburgh Universities bailed on my talks. Couldn't handle the "security risks." Translation: they didn't want the heat.

And my life? Still chaos. Got jumped in Hitchin. Scarred for life. Another time, got attacked in Luton while walking with a Times journalist. Police? Useless as ever.

They arrested me after I came back from a family holiday. Over some nonsense from my time in prison. Made my kids watch as they dragged me away at the airport. Charges? Dropped. But not before they made their point: We're always watching you, Tommy.

And that's where I'm at. I'll keep speaking up. I'll keep pushing back. And I'll keep trying to stay alive while I do it.

Wish me luck.

FURTHER PUBLICATIONS

CONVERTED ON LSD TRIP

The Bucks Herald Second Edition

Established 1832 — Net Weekly Sales: 23,342 — THURSDAY FEBRUARY 11, 1971 price 6d — 12 pages

CONVERTED ON LSD TRIP

David Clarke who had a three-year career of undetected crime, experienced a "Christian conversion" whilst suffering from the effects of LSD, he told Aylesbury magistrates, on Tuesday. After wrestling with his conscience for a year, he confessed to 24 crimes, and gave information leading to the recovery of over £1000 worth of stolen property, he told

"David Could these boys do any real wrong ? Michael

He pleaded guilty to charges of stealing a £600 colour television set from an old peoples home, a £20 sports gun, and a hydraulic jack. He asked for 21 other charges to be taken into consideration, including stealing a builders shed, two cars, and an electric saw, sockets, two other TV sets, two compressors, and a road trailer. Clarke (21) of Eminster Crescent said that **his reputation in the town had been that of a man who was enjoying himself. "I used to sell drugs to young people, and indulge in permissive sex"** he declared.

Seeking Truth

"Religion to me was rubbish, and for many people who could not stand on their own feet", he said.

"Within my heart I was searching for truth, and a meaning to life". He had good prospects of getting on in life he went on but **"I was not satisfied with what I had, I** was **greedy, selfish and beautiful".** Clarke had been using pep pills, and marijuana since he was 15. He told the court, but it was after taking LSD that he experienced what he described as, **"a major thing in my life".** He described the "torment" he suffered, as a result of taking the drug, and went on **"I warn any young person who hears my testimony, "The effects of LSD are so bad, and I warn you to stay clear".** While in this condition he said he, "Called on the name of Jesus" and his torment went from him.

Voice Of Christ

"Jesus Christ spoke to me as clearly as I speak here today saying, "David, I am with you", he said, **"What you have been going through is nothing compared to what hell is like"** Mr Murray, of Manor Crescent Wendover said he was habitually sceptical of sudden conversions, and preferred to put them to the test of time. The time, which had elapsed, since Clarke's profession of faith had convinced him that this young man would now be salt and light to society" "He is in truth, a new man, and had expressed what Christ called a second birth". Murray said Clarke now put himself out to be of assistance, read the bible intensely, always carried a New Testament, attended a wide circle of churches and would spend hours in discussion on spiritual things.

Difficulty

Clarke's difficulty during the months spent deciding how to make amends for his past had been the problem of accusing himself, without informing on others.

Continued inside

David Clarke

Thirty years after confessing his crimes to Aylesbury Police and converting to Christianity, the author, David Clarke, learned that his older brother, Michael John Clarke, had been arrested and sentenced to prison in the Philippines.

David's confession was first reported in Aylesbury's Bucks Herald on February 9, 1971.

In the mid-1960s, both David and Michael were well-known criminals in Aylesbury. However, after serving five years of his sixteen-year sentence, Michael also became a Christian, believing that Jesus was the Son of God.

In September 1999, David decided to travel to the Philippines to help his brother. His mission was covered by Portsmouth News and The Oldham Chronicle, the newspaper from their hometown.

David first visited Michael in New Bilibid Prison in 2001. This prison is the largest maximum-security prison in the Far East.

Over the next four years, David visited Michael several times. Together, they worked with religious volunteers and inmates to help criminals turn their lives around.

Their goal was to train former criminals who had converted to Christianity to return to their communities and share their faith with others.

The first prisoner released under this mission was William Ola Poloc, who returned to Baguio in August 2002 after serving 14 years for homicide. Many other inmates shared their personal stories of transformation, which David included in his book, Trojan Warriors, featuring 66 testimonies of former criminals.

Sadly, Michael died of tuberculosis in New Bilibid Prison before their mission could be fully realized. His death was reported in the Eastbourne Herald on September 27, 2012.

Since 2002, William Poloc has worked in Baguio City Jail and Benguet District Jail, helping inmates and former criminals. He also founded several church groups, known as Christ-Centered Churches, Inc., and a theological institute.

David shares this story to inspire and help others.